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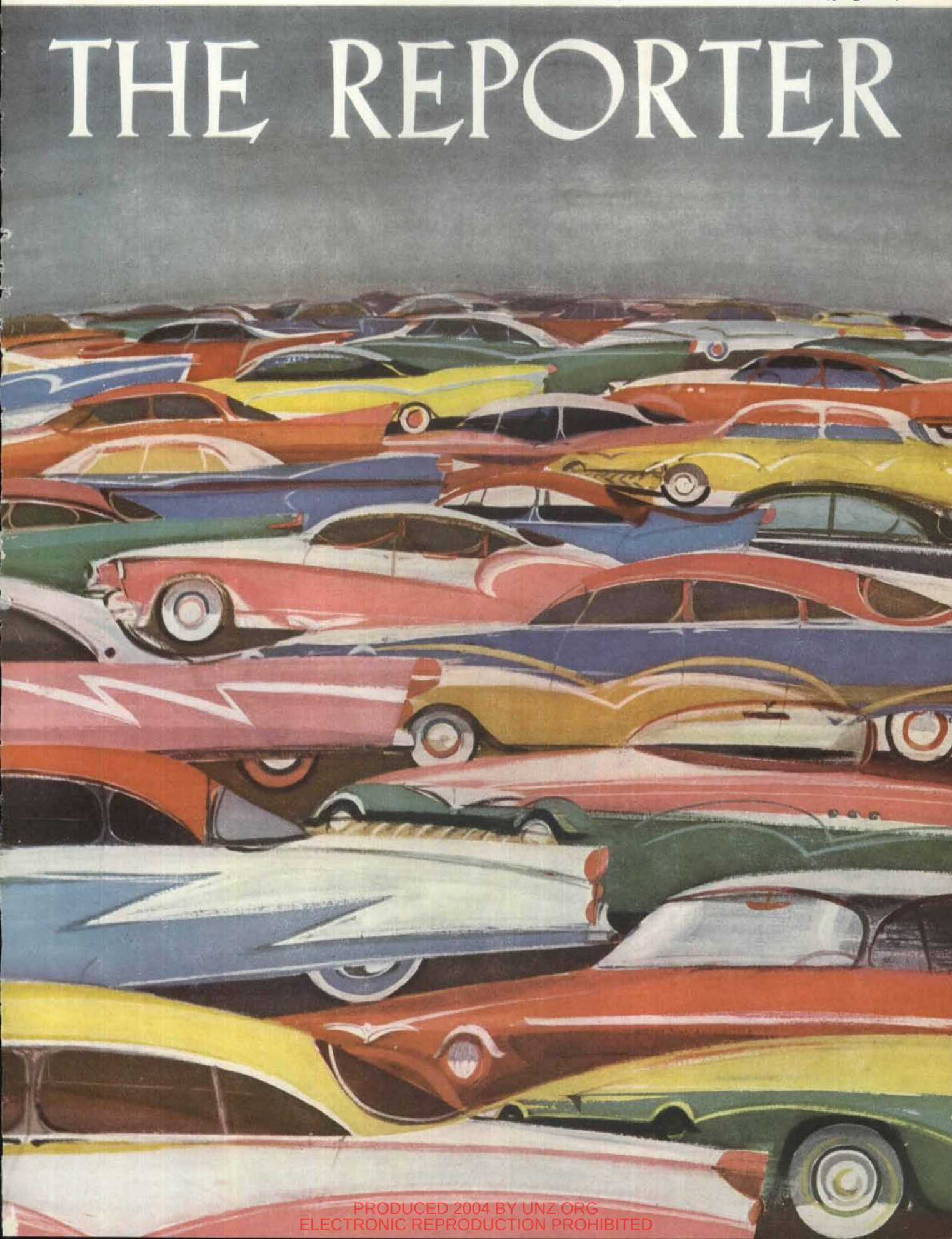
Up to Our Ears in Autos (page 12)

THE REPORTER



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A CLEAN POLITICS APPEAL . . .

from ELMER DAVIS and ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

For:

WAYNE L. MORSE	RICHARD STENGEL	MILLARD E. TYDINGS
vs.	vs.	vs.
Douglas McKay	Everett M. Dirksen	John M. Butler

IF you are after a special subsidy, tariff or paving contract, don't read any further. We're not your kind of people.

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The fact is that candidates without access to wealthy supporters or special interest groups are gravely handicapped. Unfortunately, it is often the liberal and more independent candidates who have the least money, particularly in Congressional campaigning. That so many good men win anyhow is an indication of the importance of giving them at least the minimum necessary to make themselves known to the voters who must make the decision.

• • •

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In Illinois, ***Richard Stengel*** *(D), frequently named by non-partisan groups as an outstanding member of the Illinois Legislature, has an excellent chance of upsetting incumbent Senator Everett M. Dirksen (R) if he can come even close to matching Dirksen's campaign funds. Dirksen, whom Time magazine called "the Wizard of Ooze," is one of the most dispensable members of the Senate, and the prospect of his replacement by a young, vigorous and responsible challenger of Stengel's caliber is already attracting impressive Republican and Independent support in Illinois.*

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• • •

This advertisement is an experiment—a volunteer citizens' effort to test whether the informed public will actually do something about a situation it has often deplored, whether it will make a genuine effort to balance the flow of special interest money in politics.

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CORRESPONDENCE

CALIFORNIA DEMOCRATS

To the Editor: Mr. Bernard Crick's article "California's Democratic Clubs: A Revolt in the Suburbs" (*The Reporter*, May 31) was exceptionally well done. It is certainly one of the clearest pieces I have seen on the California club movement in Democratic politics.

But Mr. Crick was considerably off base in his reference to one of the reasons for the C.D.C. opposition to Mr. John Despol, secretary of the state CIO. Mr. Crick states without qualification that many liberals "vent" on Mr. Despol "their shame" because he early recognized the danger of Communism while they did not.

This awkward detour into amateur psychology is not supported by the facts. The C.D.C., as well as Democrats generally in California, has become weary of seeing the Communist issue irrelevantly and cynically introduced into almost every political situation by those who, stripped of this single issue, would have little to recommend themselves for leadership.

Currently, Richard Richards, one of the finest U.S. Senatorial candidates to emerge in California in many years, has been the target of the "soft-on-Communism" attack by his Democratic primary opponent.

The C.D.C. is fed up with this and sick and tired of the people who continue to stoop to these tactics. Freud is not involved.

PHIL KERBY
Editor, *Frontier*
Beverly Hills, California

To the Editor: Mr. Crick makes some rather naïve assumptions in regard to both the former CIO unions and myself. As for myself, my concern has been chiefly with the lack of "ideals in politics," as anyone who has been even slightly aware of my political activities in the past twenty years should know. As one who has presented more issues than any one other individual to Democratic Conventions, I have made some small contributions toward making the California Democratic Party "an issue-oriented" party. One of the important factors for future progress is the necessity of both major parties' becoming "issue-oriented" parties if America is to make progress in the East-West struggle.

I have never found "Communists under the bed," but I have found the Communist Party active in industry, in the labor movement, and in the major political parties. In the case of the CIO it was not just a postwar "uphill fight" to convince labor delegates at California CIO conventions that the Communist Party existed in our ranks; rather it was a long educational effort from 1938 to 1950 to bring about this realization. While the Communist Party is a relatively minor factor in the California political scene, it certainly is not a "dead horse." The C.D.C., like all other political organizations, simply needs to have constitutional procedures to deal with the problem in order to ensure against the possibility of future successful penetration of its leadership.

Mr. Crick has failed to mention one of the most important problems of a party structure made up of political clubs, namely, the financing of such clubs. Until the major political parties have financial responsibility from their membership they will be at the tender mercies of the experts in political public relations who are on the receiving end of financial contributions.

In conclusion may I say to Mr. Crick, please don't pin any labels on me, "Buchmanite" or any other. Let's just stick to the issues and problems of the political organizations of our time.

JOHN A. DESPOL
Secretary-Treasurer
California Industrial Union Council
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Bernard Crick makes certain statements which require further discussion. Because Mr. Crick accepts the standard description of California as one vast suburbia, he sees in the C.D.C. (which has considerable appeal to middle-class professional suburbanites) a factor of primary importance in California politics. In actual fact California is still a largely rural state and is unique among non-Southern states in having approximately half of its Democratic registration in rural areas, where few Democrats have ever even heard of C.D.C.

It is incorrect to give the clubs credit for recent Democratic gains in off-year elections. The first of these victories occurred in a remote mountain area and was masterminded by Don Bradley, a paid party professional. The Democrat who won in Sacramento was in fact opposed by the clubs in the primary, but was supported by the Sacramento *Bee*, one of a powerful chain of Central Valley newspapers which ordinarily provide vigorous support for Democratic candidates and policies.

Mr. Crick is insightful in indicating the tendency of club members to talk more radically than they would be willing to act. Their socio-economic position, however, binds them to the essentially anti-traditional forces in our society which in the long run are replacing government by the people with government by the hucksters. Opposition to this trend can only come in the form of an "immoderate" program based on the felt needs of the people at large. In the opinion of many California liberals the attitude of Adlai Stevenson and the social status of the club members make both unfit for devising or implementing such a program.

VICTOR C. FERKISS
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: As active members of a newly organized South San Francisco Democratic Club my husband and I read Bernard Crick's article with a great deal of interest. Although we found the article very informative, our club does not fit his description in many respects. We have "ordinary labor-union members" as well as "middle-class professional persons," but I'm afraid none of our homes could be described as "fine, spacious ranch-style," except perhaps by a real-estate promoter. As far as I know, none of us are eggheads, and we could certainly survive an ebbing of Stevenson's fortunes, since our club is based not on a desire to see Stevenson President but to elect Democrats at all levels of government. We expect to do a lot of doorbell ringing and telephoning for whoever gets the Democratic nomination and for all Democratic candidates for elective offices.

MRS. ARTHUR A. PENNEBAKER
South San Francisco

To the Editor: We deeply appreciate the tribute paid to the Democratic Clubs of California in your issue of May 31—a tribute that was followed by an overwhelming vote of confidence from the Democrats of California in the June 5 primary.

We think we had a hand in the great victory scored by Stevenson over Kefauver, since most of our forty thousand club members worked hard for Stevenson.

We know we had a hand in the U.S. Senate race. The landslide of votes given to Richard Richards establishes state-wide club endorsement as tantamount to victory in the Democratic primary—as long as we endorse the best man. Richards overwhelmed both a Democrat who won the primary only two years ago and the cross-filed Republican incumbent.

Democrats endorsed locally won twenty-nine of thirty-seven primary contests for Congress and the state legislature over unendorsed Democrats—further evidence of the importance Democratic voters place upon club endorsements.

Mr. Crick pointed out the sad fate of Democrats under California's peculiar cross-filing laws. A prime purpose of the C.D.C. when it was formed less than three years ago was to abolish Republican victories in Democratic primaries. That objective was achieved on June 5: No Republican defeated a Democrat in our own primary anywhere in the state.

We are now in the strongest position in the state senate in the twentieth century (nineteen Democrats to twenty-one Republicans), and in the strongest position in the state assembly since 1944 (thirty-six to forty-four).

Mr. Crick was the first impartial observer to suggest something we have known for many months, something local Republican newspapers are muttering darkly about since June 5: that we will make California a Democratic state before the Republicans know it.

ALAN CRANSTON
President
California Democratic Council
Los Angeles

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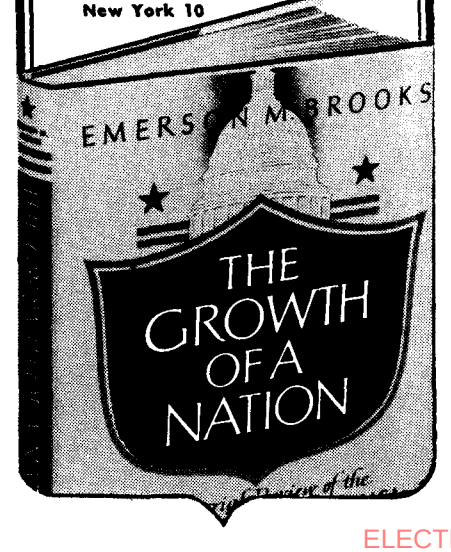

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHEN the President fell ill, we—just as anyone might do who is worried about a relative or a friend—sought to find out as much as we could about the nature of his disease, from medical literature and from specialists. It was the duty of honest journalism, we felt, to check what his medical and political advisers told us about his illness. By now ileitis is a household word. Our emergency attack on that disease was performed by a research staff led by the writer of our article—for which "The Reporter's Notes" had to be dropped. **William Harlan Hale,** a layman, put our questions to outstanding experts.

The editorial also deals with the President's illness and with the public-relations job that was launched the moment he fell ill. Will that job produce in the nation such a bedside manner as to make the President's re-election a matter of decent public duty? **Max Ascoli** thinks the G.O.P. public-relations wizards this time have gone too far, and that it is up to the voters to fill the vacuum in our national leadership that results from the President's disability —by electing his 1952 opponent, Adlai Stevenson.

Our industrial boom is slackening. **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** with the vast experience of a man who was one of the most prominent among F.D.R.'s brain trusters and who designed some of the legislation that brought the nation over the hump, finds no evidence now of a new major depression. Mr. Berle is not even reconciled to the idea that we must have a recession. He thinks that such productive capacity as the American public cannot immediately absorb can be diverted to satisfy the needs of foreign nations in their and in our own interests. **Helen Hill Miller,** economist and journalist, tells us something about what is happening in the field most immediately threatened, the automobile industry.

Harlan Cleveland's article is related to the issue forcefully stated by Mr. Berle: What is called foreign aid is not so "foreign"—and it is a business our nation is engaged in for keeps. Mr. Cleveland argues that the assistance we extend to so-called underdeveloped nations is of a seminal character and insists that we must consider the environmental conditions that may favor or prevent the growth of the seed we plant. Mr. Cleveland speaks with unique experience: He was Deputy Chief of the UNRRA Mission to Italy, later Director of the UNRRA China office, ECA's Deputy Assistant Administrator in Southeast Asia under Paul Hoffman, and Assistant Director of MSA for Europe under Averell Harriman. In 1953 he resigned from government service and joined *The Reporter,* first as Executive Editor and then as Publisher. He is leaving us now to become Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs, Syracuse University. Our regret at his departure is somewhat relieved by the fact that he will remain an active contributor to *The Reporter.*

Ray Alan, who has written several articles on the Middle East, reports on the Cyprus troubles.

Isaac Deutscher, author of *The Prophet Armed: Trotsky,* tells us why Russian Foreign Minister Molotov resigned. His description of Mr. Molotov in some ways suggests a strange similarity to Mr. Dulles.

Robert Bendiner, who won a Benjamin Franklin Award for his *Reporter* article "The Engineering of Consent" (August 11, 1955), writes about certain Senators who have developed a new and strong passion for President Eisenhower while running for re-election. However, they like their Ike weak and attenuated.

A. Robert Smith is a Washington correspondent for ten newspapers in the Northwest and Alaska.

Eugene Burdick is the author of *The Ninth Wave* (Houghton Mifflin), a current Book-of-the-Month choice novel. He writes about unexpected memories left in London by the extraordinary but now remote Russian anarchist Prince Kropotkin.

The book reviews in this issue are written by staff members and by **Madeleine Chapsal,** a regular contributor.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE FACTS ABOUT ILEITIS

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

JUST BEFORE NINE on the morning of June 8, while Major-General Howard M. Snyder was still keeping vigil at the bedside to which he had been called seven hours earlier, White House Press Secretary James C. Hagerty announced in the past tense, "The President had an upset stomach and headache." Four days later, at a press conference of his own, Secretary of State Dulles described his chief's condition as an "indisposition."

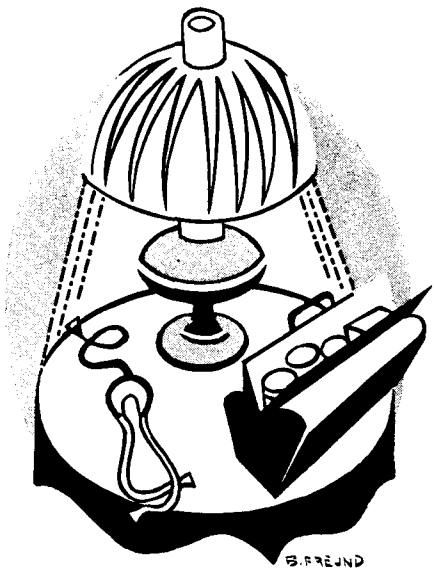
Between "upset stomach" and "indisposition" there had occurred the drama of an emergency major operation of still incalculable consequences for the President, the nation, and the world.

Mr. Hagerty had gone to see the stricken President himself before he made his first announcement, but what he said was based on what Dr. Snyder had told him. Mr. Dulles's own post-operative interpretation was more bland than anything the doctors had said publicly, but not much.

In the first light of June 9, three minutes after the President had left the operating table, they flashed the news that he had come through his two-hour ordeal "in excellent condition." By early afternoon, TV, press, and radio presented to the nation his chief surgeon, Major-General Leonard D. Heaton, commanding officer of Walter Reed Army Hospital, bringing the message that the patient's condition was such that "We look for a rapid and complete recovery and feel that he will return to his good health in a short period of time." The patient was still lying in post-operative sleep, being fed intravenously while wastes were removed by a tube passing through the nostrils and attached to a suction machine, when Dr. Heaton expansively declared to the world that he saw no reason why his patient shouldn't run for office again. "I am sure I speak for all the doctors at the table," he added. None dissented.

The chorus was joined by Dr. Paul Dudley White, the famous heart specialist who had attended the President last year in Denver and then had dramatically pronounced him fit for another term. The President "did magnificently" under the new seizure, he said, and certainly shouldn't change his political decision now. DOCTORS SAY PRESIDENT CAN RUN, next morning's New York *Times's* major headline proclaimed across five columns. The President had not yet begun to walk.

The peak of medical ebullience was reached on June 11 at the annual convention of the American Medical Association in Chicago, where Dr. David Allman, a leading contender



for next year's presidency of the A.M.A., declared that Mr. Eisenhower's recovery from his operation would leave him in better physical condition than any of his opponents, Republican or Democratic, had been at any time in their lives. Dr. Allman, busy campaigning in Chicago, had not even been near Walter Reed.

But this chorus of prediction of complete recovery and fitness for four more years in the world's most strenuous job glosses over one basic fact. By no means everything about the nature of ileitis is known, but one thing is: In a high percentage of cases it is recurrent or chronic.

Dr. David B. Rutstein of the Harvard Medical School holds that there is a fifty-fifty chance that the disease will return. A canvass of ranking specialists in the field reveals a wide divergence of opinion. These specialists do not presume to question the trustworthiness of the bulletins on the President's day-to-day condition. What does concern them, as men who have lived with the diseases grouped under the generic heading of regional enteritis (and of which the President's ileitis is one variety), is their complexity, their unknowns, and their unpredictability. There are wide disagreements within the profession about the nature of and cure for ileitis, and there is also much questioning of the President's physicians—not so much as to what they have done as to what they have said.

Recurrence Rate

Addressing the press after the June 9 operation, Dr. Heaton replied to a query about the possible recurrence of the disease in his patient by saying that he had no expectation of a further extension of it or for further surgery. He cited the original discoverer of ileitis, Dr. Burrill B. Crohn of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, who had termed it "not a dangerous disorder" and one that can readily be circumvented by surgery.

Shortly before the President was stricken, there had appeared in the *New England Journal of Medicine* a two-part paper by Dr. Louis Zetzel of Boston, chief of the Gastrointestinal Clinic at Beth Israel Hospital

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and an associate of Harvard Medical School. In it he surveyed the whole debated subject of the cure of the disease and argued that "No therapy is curative. No regimen, medical or surgical, is so universally effective as to warrant its acceptance over others . . . Surgical treatment, with a few unpredictable exceptions, has hardly fulfilled its original promise: 'all patients who survive operation being alive and well.' It is now undertaken to effect palliation and control in the presence of obstruction, perforation with peritonitis, fistulas and a large, tender abdominal mass, and when conservative medical measures have failed to prevent invalidism."

Dr. Zetzel wrote that it was the "high recurrence rate" of the disease that had "relegated surgery to the role of a palliative rather than curative measure," and he dwelt on the resulting "pessimism and disillusionment" as to the effectiveness of any treatment in providing more than temporary relief. In some series, he said, "recurrence was seen on X-ray examination in more than fifty per cent of patients observed for at least five years after being subjected to all types of surgery . . . ," although he added that the clinical results in over seventy-five per cent were considered "satisfactory."

Even the veteran Dr. Crohn's initial optimism about nonrecurrence of the disease has diminished. Twenty-two years after the pioneer work that he and Drs. Leon Ginzburg and Gordon D. Oppenheimer had done on it, he and Dr. H. D. Janowitz published a paper in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in which they said: "With the increasing length of follow-up studies, it has become evident from all carefully studied series of patients treated surgically that the rate of recurrence of ileitis is increasing." At the time of the President's seizure, he declared that the observed rate of recurrence was as high as thirty to thirty-five per cent, although such recurrences were usually mild. But there Drs. Crohn and Zetzel part company. Dr. Crohn told the press that the President's surgery was the "classical and the final operation" for the condition. Dr. Zetzel is not only dubious of the ultimate effect of any operation, but

has particular reservations about the type performed on the President.

Two Techniques

Here we get into a technical point of difference between an operation done to seal off entirely or "exclude" the affected area of the intestine and one simply to sidetrack it by establishing another channel "in continuity"—as was done in the President's case. The weight of medical opinion seems to lean toward the "exclusion" method as giving the affected area a greater chance to rest and heal and to resist a spread of the infection. This is particularly so because in the sidetracking type of operation the diseased area is not completely sealed off from the rest of the bowel. For as doctors point out, the disease is systemic and frequently diffuse in origin, not localized like appendicitis. It is "multicentric," as they say. One top specialist in New York put his reservations about the sidetracking or "continuity" operation this way: "With the possibility of failure of the diseased segment to heal as well as the known likelihood of extension to the point of the new opening, you get a kind of double jeopardy."

"Then why did the President's doctors use the sidetracking method?" several authorities were asked.

Their consensus was that very possibly the doctors had found certain factors in the President's state of health that made them choose the less rigorous approach. "One can't quarrel with the surgeon at the table who makes a decision fitting his operation to his appraisal of the general condition of the patient," Dr. Zetzel commented to *The Reporter*. "He may have to limit the type of procedure to what he thinks the patient will withstand—particularly in the instance of one who recently had a coronary thrombosis. Still, while you have to accept the surgeon's judgment, the fact remains that the procedure followed in this case—that of sidetracking without excluding the involved area—subjects the patient to a greater risk of recurrence."

'We Don't Know'

What actually causes the disease was the next question. Some doctors have spoken of psychic stress, as in the case of duodenal ulcers.

"That's just the trouble," said a veteran in the field. "We don't know. Dr. Crohn thinks that psychosomatic factors have very little to do with it. Others think they may have a good deal. Dr. Henry L. Bockus at the University of Pennsylvania and Dr. Moses Paulson at Johns Hopkins seem to think they may be very important."

As for Dr. Heaton of Walter Reed, when queried on this point on June 9, he remarked only: "Well, I don't think you can put your finger on any one particular aspect of emotion. I don't know about that."

In the article in the A.M.A. *Journal* in 1954, Doctors Crohn and Janowitz had summed up that "Our own impression is that . . . superficially at least, emotional stress does not appear to be a major factor in precipitating ileitis." Two years earlier, in the British medical journal *The Lancet*, a Leeds psychologist had reported a test study which indicated that it probably was at least a factor of some bearing. This year Dr. Zetzel, referring to psychiatric studies that showed the repetitious impact of "stressful life situations" on intestinal physiology, suggested that "understanding and support of emotional needs" was an important aid to the "unimpressive results of therapy directed only to the physical inadequacies" in treating diseases like ileitis. And Dr. Bockus of Philadelphia has gone further, reporting that in his own special work in the field, "I have encountered very few calm, phlegmatic persons with this disease. Many of them were emotional, sensitive, rather excitable people. . . . The most prominent per-

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sonality traits [in the patients observed] were anxiety and emotional immaturity."

Where does this leave us? "That's exactly the point," says one of the leading authorities in the field in the East. "Where *does* it leave us? You can make very few statements about ileitis with any real assurance. It's highly unpredictable. There's great positiveness in the profession about only one thing, and that is about there being great uncertainty about the disease.... Remember just this: Smoothness of immediate recovery is no index as to future recurrence or extension to segments of bowel that are presently uninvolved."

Even Dr. Crohn had this to say after his study over more than two decades: "... there are large gaps in our knowledge of the life history of this disease... Prognosis and evaluation of all forms of therapy would be on a much firmer basis if this information were known."

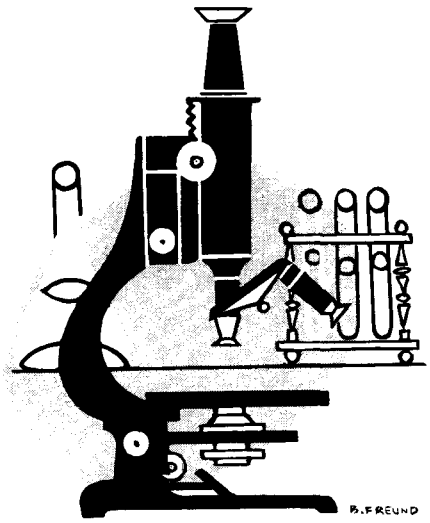
"As for myself," remarks a third authority, "I can't quite go along with Crohn or Heaton in their assumption that nervous tensions are not major factors. We don't know just how or why, but there is evidently an important connection between nervous factors and gastrointestinal disorders. In any case, if you asked me, I wouldn't recommend the strenuous life for an elderly man who had just overcome an operation for ileitis—let alone on top of a coronary thrombosis."

The Checkup

It seems of the essence of ileitis that the authorities on it should diverge, dispute—and doubt. And there is one point on which all specialists consulted have specific doubts bearing on the procedures and pronouncements of the President's medical entourage. On May 10 the President entered Walter Reed Hospital for what was called a two-day checkup. On May 12, describing the procedure as a "complete physical examination," Drs. Snyder and Heaton—both of them Medical Corps major generals—issued a joint detailed statement that gave him a clean bill of health and stated in particular, under the heading "Digestive Tract," that "The X-ray examinations of the gastro-intestinal tract with barium studies showed a normally functioning digestive tract."

Twenty-six days later the President came down with what was first diagnosed for the public as "upset stomach and headache," and for which Dr. Snyder had first prescribed milk of magnesia. Within a few hours —before the President had yet been removed to the hospital for closer examination—the diagnosis was suddenly upgraded, and the term "ileitis" became a household word.

"To diagnose this particular disease that way *de novo* at the bedside," remarks one specialist, "is al-



most a medical miracle. It just doesn't happen. They must have known he had the condition long before." As Drs. Crohn and Janowitz had written two years earlier, "Although a sudden onset of symptoms does occur in a few patients ... there is usually a slow onset of symptoms evolving over some months to years."

Facing the press next day, Dr. Snyder cleared up some of the mystery, although only to plunge medical authorities into another. Was there any reason to believe before this attack, he was asked, that the President had a tendency toward ileitis?" "Yes," he said, then admitted "he had had ileitis before."

So the President's personal physician had known all along that his patient had a medical history of suffering from this disease. Dr. Heaton was somewhat more guarded. At the same press conference he said he thought the operation would "improve [the President's] life expectancy because of the bypassing of this diseased area."

"That implies it has been diseased for some time," the questioner went on. "Is that so, Doctor?"

"We'll discuss that later," he said. He never did.

First Aid

No one has claimed it to be a right of the American public to know all the most personal details of a Chief Executive's bodily functioning. But since Drs. Snyder and Heaton did choose on May 12 to issue their comprehensive examination report, the question arises as to why this statement declared that all was well with the President's digestive tract and made no mention of his history of intestinal disorder. Had the barium studies that were made of the tract possibly not shown up the scar tissue left by previous ileitis? Or had something been overlooked?

And then, when a physician knows his patient has a history of such disorder and learns that he is in intestinal distress, why first prescribe a laxative such as milk of magnesia? Here is still another question that baffles some doctors. "Of course there may have been factors we don't know," is the comment one gets. But even a layman knows that when there are symptoms suggesting serious intestinal disorder, the last thing to administer is a laxative.

"It's a weird disease, even from the clinical standpoint," said the last specialist consulted as he escorted his interviewer to the hospital elevator. "Prognosis can never be made with certainty. You can't always even tell the different types of the disease apart." The elevator door rolled open on a car filled with white-starched interns bearing stethoscopes in their side pockets and an abiding aroma of ether. In the lobby downstairs, the early editions of the morning papers were at hand. The President was doing fine. IKE OK TO RUN, said the headline.

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The Second Act of God

For the second time in nine months, death has come close to our President. For the second time, the nations have feared, men and women everywhere have prayed for Dwight Eisenhower. The Republican high command, however, did something else than pray; it did not just pause in astonished silence to suffer with the President and for the President. It jumped into action as soon as the news of that extremely serious operation—"indisposition" to Mr. Dulles—was released. Who could have imagined that the masterpiece of uncandor through which the President's heart attack had been turned into a political asset could ever be surpassed? Yet they did it.

Since the first news conferences at Walter Reed Hospital, things have gone extraordinarily far. A blend of cultivated hypochondria and cultivated euphoria has been concocted and peddled throughout the length and breadth of the land via all the means of communication and persuasion. Sickness has been described both as a test and a cause of health. The hospital records of the Presidential aspirants of both parties have been matched: Eisenhower's heart and intestine have been set against Stevenson's kidneys and Harriman's prostate. Nobody, or so it seems, has a rightful claim to the Presidency who hasn't been cranked up in a hospital bed and reconditioned by surgery.

There is a ghoulish and tragic quality in all this playing fast and loose with the public's confidence. It is tragic to see this happening to a party that once was great, and it is even more tragic to see a truly national hero so remorselessly exploited. Nothing could be more obvious than what the G.O.P. leaders want: They count every day gained that allows them to project some of the President's radiance on the American scene. They live on borrowed time.

Toward their Democratic opponent their position is heads you lose, tails *he* wins. But it all depends on the *he*. If they can keep *him* as the candidate until the San Francisco convention and on to the elections, then, so the Republican chiefs think, they have four more years in power. Then Nixon will be in, and he will take care of things.

It is possible, however, that this latest Operation Uncandor has gone too far, and may prove self-defeating. American Presidents are still supposed to be chosen by popular vote. Will the highest elective position become the stake of a reckless actuarial gamble? Will the voters freely accept that the Presidency be inherited rather than won?

This is the issue we have to face right now—an extraordinarily distasteful issue of the Administration's own making. Had it not been for this second act of God, it is quite possible that the elections would have turned out to be just a ritual with the Democratic Presidential candidate playing the sacrificial role. Certainly one cannot say that up to now there has been overwhelming enthusiasm or excitement around. Now, however, that real electoral contest which the first act of God should have made imperative has come inescapably upon us.

Aside from Eisenhower, there is only one man, Adlai Stevenson, whose name now commands the respect of the national electorate. It is difficult to know whether this is because or in spite of the tests he has recently endured and overcome. Certainly the Stevenson who is now once more the front runner for the Democratic nomination is a somewhat different man—at least in the people's mind. He has atoned for the good luck that brought him the nomination, practically without any effort, four years ago. He has also atoned for what was considered his excessive brilliance or wit. Unquestionably he is surrounded by infinitely less enthusiastic or mystical hero worship than four years ago. This, in our opinion, should be considered to his credit, for the nation has had enough father complexes and high-voltage, glamorized images of national saviors.

There is a profound similarity between Eisenhower's and Stevenson's basic beliefs, far more important than any difference in literary style or in a few degrees right or left of center. This was particularly clear during the last Presidential campaign, when Stevenson, who at the start was virtually unknown to the nation, aroused extraordinary popular response by talking the way everybody expected Eisenhower would. Somehow our nation has not moved much during these four years, and it has brought no new protagonist to the fore in our public life. These two men, Eisenhower and Stevenson, are still the outstanding figures, and they still appeal to the same broad, middle-of-the-road, fundamentally anti-radical bulk of the American people.

Of the two, only one is left now as a genuine, active political force. Now Stevenson has his chance—and the nation has its chance in Stevenson.

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The Recession We Should Not Have

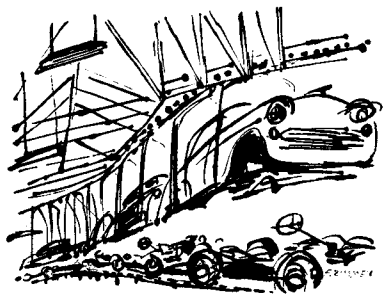
A. A. BERLE, Jr.

BUSINESS booms do end: The recent one has and we are in for a "correction," "adjustment," "recession," or a situation which could be mishandled into plain depression. Surprise is nonexistent save to wishful thinkers. Nobody has repealed the law of business cycles. One after another, warning signals have been going up for the past year. The quicker everyone concerned recognizes the facts, the more readily will measures be taken to assure that a slackening of pace will not lead to serious trouble.

The specific symptoms are clearly visible. First came growing farm surpluses, later a farm price slump with signs of distress in the farm belt. Next, falling off in the automobile industry, accompanied by a rise in small-business failures. The captains of the automobile industry did not recognize this at first, but they do now as General Motors President Harlow Curtice cuts back estimates of 1956 car production from 6,500,000 to 5,800,000. (Last year the figure was nearly eight million.) General Motors forecasts a pickup towards the end of the year. But Henry Ford II predicts no major pickup. From now on General Motors and probably Ford will be running at about seventy per cent of last year's rate. Chrysler will hardly do better. A clear danger signal is the existence of nearly $86 billion of unsold business inventories—$7 billion more than last year and still rising. A notable item is in electrical appliances—washing machines, refrigerators, air conditioners, and so forth. A "more than seasonal increase in business stocks" is the substance of a Department of Commerce report for April.

There is also a warning out in steel. Steel men know that the "shortage" in their product was due partly to a headlong attempt by their customers to buy before a probable wage increase to steelworkers this summer and a certain rise in steel prices anyhow. Several million tons of excess inventory in steel have already piled up in customers' hands. Some slowing up in demand, with possible cancellation of orders, is in sight for late summer.

Then there is the slow-up in the textile and fiber business. A new ele-



ment is added here: Chemical fibers (such as Orlon, Dacron, and rayon) have forced the pace. The textile industry has always been vulnerable; now it is contracting output, and employment along with it.

THE CHIEF FEATURES of an old problem with which this writer and others wrestled twenty-five years ago are thus becoming evident once more. Economists and business experts will give varying explanations and come forth with varying prescriptions. Some of us can recite most of them by heart; few have not been heard before. Tight money will be blamed, with the Federal Reserve Board cast as the villain. General Motors' Curtice holds that point of view now. (In 1929 it was Charles Mitchell of the National City Bank of New York—but the tune was the same.) Others will say that now is the time for "real salesmanship," and suggest we advertise ourselves out of trouble.

The chief theme will be that we need not take things too seriously: Gross national product will be up to $400 billion this year (it will). Consumers' income will be higher than ever—say $317 billion—so consumer buying will be heavy (probable, but not necessarily true). Corporate profits and dividends will be bigger this year, and probably next, than ever before (probably true). It will be claimed that the worst that can happen will place 1956 as the second best business year in American history (also true, but so was the business year 1930). The point is that 1956-1957 must not be permitted to become a prelude to another crisis, as 1929-1930 became an overture to the complete wreck of 1932-1933.

The optimists will place main reliance on the fact that private industry has announced its intention of laying out more than $35 billion in capital expenditures, plant construction, automation, and modernization. This, it will be alleged, should keep heavy industry rolling. It will not be emphasized that most of these programs are still in the minds of boards of directors. Nobody can change his mind quicker about spending money than a director who is not sure of the future. The figure could melt away. The secondary reliance will be on the probability that the Federal Reserve Board will start making money easier this summer. This seems likely; but the fact is that however plentiful the supply of credit and however low the interest rate, businessmen do not bor-

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row unless they think they can make a profit with the money.

Yet the most important promoter of confidence is, oddly enough, a widespread faith that the government will prevent any serious slowup. In other words, that the Republican Administration will suddenly develop its own brand of New Deal. Just how, no one explains, for as yet the businessmen who operate Washington have indicated no plans, any more than Cal Coolidge or Herbert Hoover did in their day. However, it is a political impossibility for any Administration to sit tight and hope, as Mr. Hoover's did, and everyone knows it. So it is time to think, right now, about tangible measures.

A Familiar Pattern

One remarkable fact about all this is a discernible similarity to the economic pattern we learned in 1929-33. The "depression" map on which many of us worked is much the same. Depressed buying in the farm areas; then depression and partial unemployment in Detroit; then its spread to Cleveland, Youngstown, Akron, Pittsburgh, as the tire and automobile-accessories industries and steel slack off; then the merging of that area with the increasingly depressed textile area running from New England down the Atlantic Coast to the Southern States. This time, the chemical-fiber industry is included.

At the moment the cloud is not too great over southern Michigan. Detroit and other automobile centers show about 210,000 men out of work as this is written. Not unmanageable—except that even allowing for Social Security, unemployment, and guaranteed-annual-wage payments, this represents a net shrinkage in purchasing power in that area of at least $10 million a week, or if unemployment lasts for a year, half a billion dollars. Service trades become inactive, department stores fail to sell. This backs up in light manufacturing plants that supply consumers' goods. A downward spiral begins slowly. If it accumulates speed it can lead to a depression of major proportions. Cheap bank credit alone will not solve that sort of problem.

"Built-in stabilizers" (chiefly New Deal legislation) and whatever comes from guaranteed-annual-wage

payments are relied on to prevent real trouble. This is a standard cliché in business circles. (Shades of the stalwarts who insisted the New Deal would bankrupt the country!) There is some truth in the contention. An unemployed man living in a Hooverville bought substantially nothing. A man out of work drawing unemployment insurance spends at least what he gets. There is, indeed, a built-in minimum. But it is so far below the present level of employment and consumption that descent to that point involves an enormous shock. Obviously it is better to fall eight stories than fifteen. But everybody would be very unhappy before passing the fifth story on the way down.

TRUE, we shall have slower motion than in 1929. There are relatively few built-in depression accelerators of the kind we had to contend with then. In 1929 every drop precipitated a new calling of loans, more forced liquidation, greater drop in prices, greater unwillingness to buy, more business insolvencies, and an ever-growing pool of unemployment that finally became a mighty sea. Banking is more elastic now, and banks themselves can scarcely fail under present procedure. But there is no present way of preventing the finance companies from repossessing the car or furniture of an unemployed man who bought on installments. There is no program for preventing banks or insurance companies from foreclosing the mortgage of the jobless person who can no longer meet monthly payments on his house. True, many mortgages today are guaranteed by government credit through the Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration, and we can be sure that in any general crash some way would be found so that we should not have wholesale population displacement as we did in 1932. But nobody has yet suggested how the trick is to be done.

Banks and corporations can be cushioned or tided over by our present credit mechanism. But nobody has thought how to buy time for forty or fifty million consumers who owe over $35 billion on installment sales covering everything from their television sets and kitchens to last year's dwellings.

Consequently, leading economic statesmen who do not take the present situation seriously and get to work on it now ought to be retired. The right kind of thinking and action today can prevent disaster. Without it, things could easily get out of hand.

FANCY EXPLANATIONS aside, the fundamental causes are simple enough. After the Second World War, American industry tooled up to take care of the consumer shortages that had accumulated during the war and also to meet increased demands of an American population that had grown and was increasing even more rapidly. In addition, the public was rapidly enlarging its wants—its ideas about its standard of living. Sales were further increased by the device of consumer credit—so that most Americans not only bought what they could pay for (which was a great deal) but more that they could not, by mortgaging their future earnings. Production was thus geared not only to normal needs plus growth in population and gradual increase in its wants but also to catching up with shortages left over from the war and to meeting the additional demand made effective by increase in consumer credit. Now there are no more war shortages. Industry has matched the population-increase factor, and consumer credit must level off or even be reduced.

Mr. Ford is right. There won't be a big rush to buy the 1957 models next fall. The reason is simple: Most people don't need a car. They already have one. They haven't paid for it; their problem is holding onto it. And so on up and down the line. Production has given a huge part of America most of the things it im-

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mediately needs and wants. At present, effective demand loses both the nonrecurrent accretions of past shortages and pyramided consumer credit and drops down to normal proportions based on population, ordinary replacement, and obsolescence. The result is that part of our productivity is temporarily not needed for existing effective demand.

If We Were Woodchucks

Now if Americans were woodchucks or squirrels or otherwise intelligent animals, we should think this a splendid state of affairs. We have got in our supplies. We can now work on some other things that need doing. The question is whether the American economic system can develop the common sense of a reasonably well-brought-up squirrel, by thanking God that most of its needs are provided for and tackling needs that haven't yet been satisfied.

Plenty of work needs to be done in the United States. Our population growth alone lets us know to a certainty that this country will need more productivity, more plants, more of everything just a few years from now. There are, indeed, plenty of presently unfilled economic needs in the country. Unquestionably we shall sooner or later build the roads we need.

We might even do something about renovating our neglected system of schools. We could start the engineering that would make our huge metropolitan areas into rational—possibly even beautiful—forms of life. This, however, will take time: Americans build fast but are slow in social thinking. Meanwhile there are some huge immediate tasks that lie ready to hand.

New Lands of Opportunity

We are meeting a world challenge that more and more takes an economic form. The Russians, whose economic plant is developing rapidly, are offering to organize and equip great parts of the world. That puts it squarely up to us. There is a huge job to be done. Our experience in some countries, no matter how important, is just at a beginning—India and Indonesia, for instance. And like Huck Finn's friend Jim, we don't know nobody in China. Even beyond the seas, however, there are urgent jobs to be done that cannot be postponed until more favorable circumstances prevail. Morocco, having just won its independence from France, finds itself in a shattering economic crisis and is pleading for American development. This is almost a test case of American economic policy, and it comes at a time when mutual assistance serves the interests of both countries.

We have had economic responsibilities for a long time in Latin America, where there are more than 175 million people. Great parts of the area have jumped into twentieth-century economic life almost overnight. They are finding that they are about fifty years behind in capital formation and development. The productivity of the United States that is not presently needed for American consumption—including textiles and farm products—almost exactly fits that need. I stress Latin America not because it is the only area in which we can work but because it is the area I know best.

Let us take Brazil. This huge country has a wholly inadequate railroad system with five different gauges. It needs steel in large quantities for the single job of putting its railroad system in shape. There are numberless other jobs to be done. The need for electric-light plants and transmission systems is great. The country needs a water system for Rio de Janeiro and a dozen other major cities. It could use more transport trucks right now, and many more provided there were a road-building program adequate to the population; and for that it needs road-building machinery. On top of all this, it needs new plants for its own production.

Or Argentina. Here is a large, singularly capable country fighting its way toward democracy amid the economic wreckage of Perón's dictatorial debauch. There is need for modernizing a great part of Argentina's capital plant—this time doing the job honestly instead of lining the pockets of Peronista grafters.

Or Bolivia. Here a proletarian but non-Communist revolution has lifted four million people into a consciousness of American economic life. The country is actually short of current supply. Even consumer goods are needed until the situation is stabilized. In one way or another you can duplicate this situation with greater or less intensity all the way from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego.

These countries, like underdeveloped countries elsewhere, are flexible in social and governmental machinery. Because their governments are centralized, it would not take a long time to set up public machinery like the TVA, or a mixed government-private corporation like that which operates the Volta Redonda steel plants in Brazil, or a transport authority like the Pennsylvania Turnpike Authority. In South America combinations including more than one country are quite within the range of possibility; for example, an extension under joint Bolivian-Brazilian auspices of the unfinished railroad line from the Atlantic to the Bolivian highland. The Organization of American States already has an economic committee which sits in Washington and was planned for just such efforts. The Latin-American projects already reported on in Washington would almost provide the main outlines of a hemispheric development.

An Outlet for Our Surplus

Now suppose, for argument's sake, that American industry stopped thinking of itself as limited to United States borders. If it could consider the rest of the hemisphere south of the Rio Grande as part of its task—just as the Atlantic Coast considered the West a part of its task fifty years ago—we should have little concern about "overproduction."

Add to this the fact that Latin America's population is the fastest-growing in the world. A recent study showed that while its production

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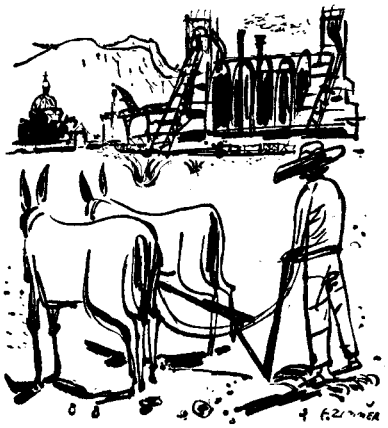


was steadily increasing, population is going up faster still. Per capita production there is less than it was ten years ago—a fact the Russians will surely exploit.

Internationally, the American republics are better set up for co-operative action to meet this problem than any other part of the world. Setting in motion a program to take care of several years of American overproduction would not take much time. And it could be done on a straight basis of equity and capital financing that should produce profits for everyone, including Latin America and Latin Americans, who cared to participate. Financing could be worked out on a real "hemispheric pool" basis, so that the result would be an economic community, not what others might call U.S. imperialism.

Simple sanity would suggest that while U.S. domestic demand catches up with the productivity we have—and which we know we shall need at home in another couple of years—we should channel our surplus production to the area that urgently needs it. By intelligent programming we could assure, right now, that American steel mills will continue to run and therefore that employment will continue at a reasonable level. We could assure, right now, that our heavy electronics products will have a market. The same goes for jeeps, trucks, and busses. All we really need to do is to use our heads.

Not Charity but Investment

Is this "giveaway foreign aid" in new dress? Nothing of the sort. In emergencies or catastrophes, "giveaway" between nations is creditable just as it is between private individuals. But it is not a permanent solution. Nor is it required. When New York and New England financed the development of industry, transport, and power plants on the U.S. Pacific Coast we did not talk of "giveaway" from New York to Oregon or California. We bought stocks and long-term bonds and knew that we were building a national economy. Now we can tackle the business of building a supranational economy. Whether we know it or not, this is the real basis for the economy of the United States.

We shall not, of course, be able to get back in a couple of years the price of plants built with American steel products and American machine tools. We do know that they can pay for themselves over a reasonable period of time; and we do know that the U.S. economy steadily uses most of the products that are brought out of Latin America.

The fiction of twenty-one "national" economies in the Western Hemisphere cannot conceal the fact that they are locked together in one trade system. Among other things, excellent use can be made of the fact that big corporations like Anaconda, United Fruit, Standard Oil of New Jersey, United States Steel, W. R. Grace & Company (not to mention Sears, Roebuck & Company and other consumer-goods distributors) are already experienced international operators. It is time we used our economy for what it is. Seen in that aspect, there is no more reason for an American "recession" or "depression" than there is for another epidemic of smallpox.

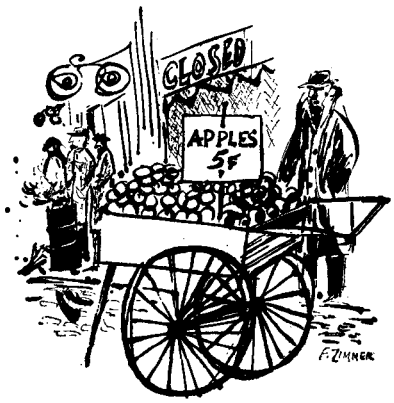
IT IS TRUE that there are still some measures to be enacted for the Latin-American program. A treaty negotiated long ago setting up a true Inter-American Bank to take care of intermediate credits should have been and should now be ratified. We took care of these functions in wartime for American defense development. There is no reason why the same cannot be done to promote international economic health and to keep the peace—this time not only to ward off an enemy but also to meet a rendezvous with greater plenty and to prevent an absurd recession born chiefly of our lack of social and financial imagination.

Federal credit will probably have to be drawn upon in certain respects—notably to assure convertibility of profits. But in this case it can be so handled that assets come into being against expenditures. It is true that we shall have to deal seriously instead of capriciously with the task of getting a common currency system for the Western Hemisphere (Latin-American governments already deal in "agreement dollars" payable in goods), and that several intermediate steps will have to be gone through. But the rest of the hemisphere has been eager for just that kind of leadership for years, and the Russians are going to offer their version to South America this summer. Latin Americans have received from us a rather frivolous answer: that private, unco-ordinated initiative will probably work things out some day somehow, by some unspecified route. Now we had better talk seriously.

Why Wait Till the Roof Leaks?

A temporary pause in demand for the almost limitless productivity of the United States is perhaps the greatest opportunity we are likely to have before a co-ordinated Soviet international economic system closes in. Sound handling of the American economy now could lead to the development of a real economic system not limited by borders that are mere accidents of history. There is a need to be met in the United States, and there is a continent and a half of this hemisphere fairly crying for exactly what we have. There should be enough financial and economic intelligence in the hemisphere to put the two together.

This time there must be no waiting for a crisis of misery.



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Up to Our Ears In Autos

HELEN HILL MILLER

In 1955, General Motors announced its first billion-dollar profit year. Sales of new U.S.-built passenger cars in this country mounted to a record 7,169,908, and General Motors sold 3,639,120 of them.

But on Friday, May 11, 1956, all General Motors assembly plants were shut down for the first time since the war for any reason other than a strike. They were closed "to adjust production to demand."

Except for the size of the figures, G.M.'s story is not very different from that of other motor manufacturers. Ford and Chrysler likewise had their biggest years in 1955, and are now scheduling cutbacks. This year, the usual spring upturn in new-car sales just didn't materialize. By the end of April, more than 900,000 of the 1956 models had rolled off assembly lines into dealers' inventories. Even if dealers had been selling at last year's spring rate of 685,000 cars a month, they wouldn't have had use for more cars for about six weeks. And by June automobile sales were twenty per cent off compared to a year ago.

Together, in 1955, the Big Three companies sold 6,826,051 cars. That was 1,290,587 more cars than all the companies in the industry had sold in 1954. Eagerness on the part of the manufacturer, necessity on the part of the middleman, and willingness on the part of the consumer set a sales record in 1955—and left 1956 with a thin market. They also created a new sales-and-purchase pattern that is likely to be with the automobile industry for a long time. There has been no such thing as a fixed price for an automobile for many months. There is the list price, and there is the price the customer pays the dealer; and between the two any resemblance is largely coincidental. In the past dealers have operated on margins that, on the lower-priced cars, have usually represented about twenty per cent of the list price to the purchaser. Last year, a margin of $100 to $150 a car became a usual figure.

Similarly, customers' purchases had previously been divided about equally between sales for cash and sales on time. At the climax of the selling drive last summer, about three cars out of four were sold on down payments plus promises to pay over a two-to-three year period. As a result, consumer installment debt on automobiles ballooned by almost $4 billion.

Gimmicks and Cajolery

Here is how the dealer situation developed in Charlottesville, Virginia, a town of about thirty thousand.

In 1955 there were ten dealers there. For the five years before 1955, their combined sales averaged about 1,550 new cars a year. In those years, selling had again become part of the business—customers weren't standing in line as they had been just after the war. But the competition was easygoing.

Last season was different. Factory representatives turned up on the premises of each dealer at least twice a week, bringing bright new ideas on how he could boost one section or another of his business—new-car sales, used-car sales, and even the service and accessory departments.

At the beginning of the model year and through the summer, the factories' line was tough: Take more cars, or give up your contract. Toward the end of the model year, veiled threats were succeeded by cajolery: Take just eleven more cars, and if you have to, register them in the names of your employees until you can find buyers; or, take one more shipment, and if you must, you can pay for it after you get them sold instead of when they leave the factory.

Everybody cut way below list price in order to clinch deals. The distributor whose over-all operations showed a 1955 before-tax profit of $100 per new car sold during the year did better than most of his competitors.

Two-Way Stretch

When selling new cars on credit, dealers originally aimed at down payments of one-third, with a two-year limit on monthly installments. But they successively lowered their sights. In a town of thirty thousand, credit standing is highly visible. By midsummer, if a particular buyer was known to pay up regularly even though his income was small, dealer after dealer took a two-way stretch: He accepted as little as a fourth down, and he agreed to as much as forty-two months to pay. In a good many cases, the "down payment" represented no cash at all, only the valuation—more often than not the overevaluation—of the old car the customer turned in.

On their used-car lots, the dealers made comparable extensions of credit, down to the cars selling for $200 and $300. On some of these, they put through contracts with weekly payments as low as two dollars. But even beyond the point at which they reluctantly decided to cut off their credit operations, there was still another layer of financing. Where a buyer wanted transportation above all, and had little visible credit standing, they suggested he make an inventory of his domestic chattels, take it to a small-loan company, bring back the cash, and ride away in a car financed by a loan on the washing machine.

At the end of 1955, Charlottesville dealers looked forward to 1956 with a feeling that they might be in trouble. They drew what comfort they could from their low repossession rate. One dealer who sold about 175 cars a year had taken back only twelve in a three-year period. So they could at least hope that not many of their 1955 contracts would bounce. Repossession could be a costly business with payments stretched over so many months: The buyer often owes more than the car's worth in the secondhand market.

This spring, their new-car sales slumped. Used-car sales held up better, but dealers' lots are full. For

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dealers who are running their business on a small equity, carrying charges are beginning to feel heavy. When the banks show reluctance to expand or extend their borrowings, some of the dealers find a convenient whipping boy in the Federal Reserve Board's April decision to tighten up on credit; others admit that those stony eyes may have made an accurate appraisal of the risk.

Dun & Bradstreet's business failure figures show increases in automotive components. In the first quarter of 1955, there were thirty-seven dealer failures, with current liabilities of $2 million. In the first quarter of 1956, there were fifty-five such failures, and their liabilities were $6.5 million.

The Old Debts Catch Up

If the country's financial authorities had been able last summer to set outside limits on the extension of consumer credit, 1955's forced-draft competition would have taken place within bounds. It seems probable that Allan Sproul, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, is looking back with the smile of a justified prophet to a speech he made last December urging Congressional passage of stand-by credit controls:

"I am disturbed by the present situation in consumer installment credit, just as I was concerned about stock market credit until the Board of Governors [of the Federal Reserve Bank] was given power to establish, and to vary, margin requirements. I am disturbed not by the total amount of consumer credit, but by the fact or the indication that successive relaxation of terms has been largely responsible for keeping the ball in the air. This is a process that cannot go on indefinitely, and when it ceases there will come a time when repayment of old debt will catch up, or tend to catch up, with new extensions of credit. The special stimulus of a rapidly increasing net supply of consumer credit, which has contributed so much to the record production and distribution of consumer durable goods during the past year, will then be gone, at least temporarily. Will it then become clear that we drove our productive capacity to unsustainable limits—for the present—by borrowing consumer demand from the future?"

THE TWO-FAMILY CAR

ERIC SEVAREID

Television recently revived the 1944 musical "Bloomer Girl," in which a Civil War tycoon foresees a nation-wide construction boom because he's planning to market a hoopskirt so wide that every doorway in the country would have to be altered. This got us thinking about modern automobiles and garage doors, and *that* got us thinking about a speech that has been lying on the desk under a pile of handouts since the end of January.

This speech was given by no less a person than George Romney, president of the American Motors Corporation; and it was given to no less a group than the Traffic Club in Detroit. Now, Mr. Romney's company builds big fat cars as well as small slim cars, but it's obvious that his heart, as well as his sales prospects, are with the latter; and since we too have long brooded about the future of highways, parking spaces, and garage walls, we have fastened upon the words of Mr. Romney with fierce and happy prejudice and a fine disdain for bipartisanship in this matter.

Mr. Romney, our eminent authority, quoted a lot of *his* eminent authorities to drive home our mutual arguments. For example, Alfred H. Sinks: "Our cars are steadily becoming most costly, more expensive to maintain and operate, fancier and less useful." New York Traffic Commissioner Wiley: any further increase in car size and horsepower would be "sheer madness." The Detroit *News*, no enemy of the auto industry: "Surely there is some point at which the pyramiding of bigger bodies and bigger engines must stop or the private automobile will go the way of the dinosaur."

And of course there's the Washington, D.C., traffic commissioner who had to lengthen the meter parking spaces by two feet and whittle away some of the boards on his garage to make room for his own new car—a small model, he thought. Then there was the proprietor of a jam-packed Los Angeles parking garage who said he was going to fire his present crew and hire none but thin, emaciated men able to squeeze in and out of the vehicles.

Mr. Romney remarked: "Cars nineteen feet long, weighing two tons, are used to run a 118-pound housewife three blocks to the drugstore for a two-ounce package of bobby pins and lipstick." He goes on, "Even the smallest cars of the Big Three are as big as the biggest cars used to be! . . . The average American family today consists of only three and a half members. Yet the average sedan body in use today . . . could carry two average families. This means the American driver . . . is at all times paying for the transport of two families; and he has enough engine power under the hood to pull a ten-ton truck." How long, said Mr. Romney to the traffic people, would you have a job if you bought transportation on the same basis?

If we're going to go on building and buying these behemoths, Mr. Romney has some charming suggestions, we thought, for new-type garages. The Foxhole Garage, for example. The car enters laterally only the first few feet, then goes down a hole. The Bustle-Style Garage. It has a bulgeable door at the rear end, which just bends out with the bumper pressure.

To auto makers insisting on making long, fat cars, he suggests some radical new designs. For example, a car with a removable rear deck, which might be called the Falsie Model. And a car to solve the eternal problem of who *gets* the car—husband or wife: the Schizophrenia Split Eight. Half of it can be left at home.

Romney thinks the basic reason for the big-car mania is personal vanity or keep-ahead-of-the-Joneses-ism. So he sees hope on the two-toned horizon. When practically everybody, including the Joneses, *has* a big car, vanity loses its point. So maybe the whole thing can be turned around, everybody trying to get a *smaller* car than his neighbor. This trend could, of course, end up with everybody on motor scooters, so it will have to be watched; but at least it would give plenty of room in the middle of the road, where everybody these days, Democrats *and* Republicans, seems to want to drive.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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Foreign Aid And 'The Spirit We Are Of'

HARLAN CLEVELAND

EACH SUMMER about this time, just as the muggy heat settles into the swampy District of Columbia, the annual ballet of the aid cutters reappears and the steaming air is suddenly full of arithmetic. This time there is a difference. Beyond the hassle about how much, a new question is asked: How long?

"We should be able to assure the nations of the free world that we will continue to participate in particular non-military projects and enterprises which will take a number of years to complete." With these plain words President Eisenhower gave notice that foreign aid is no longer manageable as a year-to-year experiment. He asked for authority to commit up to $100 million each year for as long as ten years.

The storm of protest that greeted this modest overture revealed how sensitive are the nerves of Congress in its annual review. Up to now, each year's aid has been voted as a program in itself. Jealous of their rights and suspicious of the "give-away boys" in the Executive Branch, Senators and Representatives in both parties have insisted on an annual look at the whole foreign-aid package in five separate committees. It is true that during the Marshall Plan there was a kind of gentlemen's agreement that it would be kept going for four years. But each year the money, the authority to spend it, and the administering agency itself had to be voted all over again. To get even that, Administrator Paul Hoffman and his staff had to peddle futures in isolationism to leading members of Congress—promises that European recovery would be over in four years and broad hints that American foreign aid would thereafter be no more than a historical curiosity.

BUT ONCE the United States started helping the less developed countries, we were clearly in business for good. Whatever the outcome on foreign aid this year, technical assistance and capital investment are now permanent features of American foreign policy. The familiar exhortations of Adlai Stevenson, Eric Johnston, and Barbara Ward are all but lost, these days, in a chorus of other distinguished voices imploring us to multiply the millions we invest in a bolder peace-building program of foreign aid, and extend it to five, ten, twenty-five, seventy-five, and even a hundred years. Recent recruits include the president of Standard Oil of California, a Republican publisher in Minnesota, a group of thirty-six heads of large corporations, two new citizens' committees, two committees of Congress, a vice-president of the AFL-CIO ("two per cent of our gross national product for twenty-five years"), the Republican Governor of Indiana ("foreign aid . . . for an indefinite period of time . . . even seventy-five years . . ."), and John Jay Hopkins, chairman of the board of the General Dynamics Corporation, who holds the national indoor record with his call for "a dynamic, multi-phase, century-long campaign."

Santa Khrushchev

What has now pricked our sluggish conscience, and released such a flood

of words about aid, is the Soviet Union's frank attempt to take over our Point Four program where we left off. This policy came to full maturity with Khrushchev's remarkable speech to the Supreme Soviet on December 29, 1955, in which the Russians took credit for inventing American aid—by scaring us into providing it.

The Kremlin's "bold new program," however, has an added twist. The Russians have decided they will do better if they don't give anything away. With them it's mostly barter, not aid. In their "soft push" into Asia the Soviets start with sufficient equipment, fuel, and technicians to accomplish a good deal of the new industrialization for which countries like Egypt, India, Burma, and Indonesia are desperately anxious. Moreover, the Communists' home-front failure to step up farm production as fast as the population increases now turns out to be a blessing in disguise: The nations of the Soviet bloc can really use the cotton, rice, rubber, and wheat that the underdeveloped countries are eager to sell.

Sophistry in Figures

Despite the combination of these Soviet assets with the vigorous traveling salesmanship of Bulganin and Khrushchev, it is easy for us to be complacent about the Soviet "trade" drive. We are, after all, doing so much more. During the past few years, we have been contributing about a billion dollars a year to promote economic growth in Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. Half of this is private investment, mostly in oil, and the other half is government loans and grants through a succession of agencies known as FEA, ECA, TCA, MSA, FOA—and now ICA, the International Cooperation Administration. As Joseph M. Dodge, who presides over foreign economic policy in the White House, said recently, "The current Soviet trade and aid proposals to underdeveloped countries are only a relatively small percentage of the volume of trade, investments, credits and aid provided by the United States and the other free world nations."

But any comfort derived from glancing at global figures ebbs away

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when you study the figures for a few key countries, noting the specious comparisons to which our one-year program lends itself:

In India, the Soviet Union's several-year program of $150 million (including $100 million for a million-ton steel plant) is being compared with an American one-year allotment of $50 million—which came close to being cut to $40 million a few months ago.

In Afghanistan, Soviet promises of $115 million overshadow our Point Four program, which has provided just $6,228,000 since 1952.

In Indonesia, the Soviet $20 million compares with an American program of $11 million, recently increased from $7 million.

In Egypt, the Soviet $165 million (again probably a several-year promise) compares with our one-year allotment of $40 million.

In Yugoslavia, Tito's new friendship with Moscow is worth $83 million, plus cancellation of pre-1948 debts; the United States is providing $44 million.

In the long run we can almost certainly provide more real help to each of these countries (except perhaps Afghanistan) than the Soviets will. But we are precluded from making this clear because we are still strapped into a one-year straitjacket.

The Rockefeller Board

The Eisenhower Administration, Mr. Dodge to the contrary, plainly regards the Soviet "trade" drive and the outcry it has provoked in this country as a serious headache. The effect of the ache on the government's aid policy is still something short of noticeable. But with an election coming on, it is only a matter of time before the White House sets up a study commission—that special form of political ice bag normally prescribed when too many people are shouting in the President's ear at once.

Five years ago, an Advisory Board headed by Nelson Rockefeller proposed an International Development Authority, an expanded form of World Bank that could either grant or loan money to speed up action on those major types of public works—power plants, roads, railroads, communications systems—which have

historically led to industrial growth in every western country. The idea is still practical, and the case for handling most of our aid through international bodies gets stronger with the accumulation of experience. It is by now a well-established fact that a United Nations agency can more acceptably give advice to the sensitive leaders of a prickly new nation than can the diplomatic representatives of a country that manufactures H-bombs.

In the days of the Rockefeller Board, no one guessed that the Russians might soon be in the aid business too. But if the proposal for an International Development Authority were revived today, provision would probably be made for an invitation to the Russians. If such an invitation were rejected, it would be a clear signal to the world that the Soviets want to use aid as a political tool. If the Soviets did come in, their minority contribution would become part of a common fund that might be managed by a board operating (as the World Bank operates today) under a system of weighted voting, with the larger contributors having a larger say.

But it is too easy to decide we need to spend more money and spend it through a different mechanism. What is harder and more important is to define the attitudes, the preconditions in our own minds, that can make aid a useful instrument of our national purposes. If our approach is wrongheaded, more billions might simply do more damage. As Macaulay said, "When will people learn that it is the spirit we are of, and not the machinery we employ, that binds us together?"

Most of the leaders of Asia want most of all to be free—by which they mean independent of us as well as of the Communists, free to sit out the world's power play and tend to their own political and economic growth, sheltering behind American power without admitting it, just as we sheltered behind the British Navy for a century without acknowledging it.

Yet our recent history is littered with instances of our bootless effort to pry these "neutralists," as we call them, from a policy that an earlier generation of Americans would have called "no entangling alliances." In Indonesia an American ambassador shook a Cabinet to pieces several years ago by insisting on a written pledge of allegiance to the West.

We have learned only very slowly the paradoxical lesson that the weaker the country, the harder it is to push around. Dealing with the British, a strong government of a self-confident people, we can bargain hard because we know they are able to do the same. But in many a country in the arc from Greece to Indonesia, we strike a hard arms-length bargain only at the risk of toppling moderate governments and helping Communists or other religious fanatics take over. This is the fallacy of "tough" conditions on our economic aid.

But we are gradually learning the political score—learning that if we are looking for strength we are more likely to find it behind the impolite catcalls of the Asian neutralists than the fawning of our Asian sycophants. It is the economic lesson that is so hard to learn.

They want to be truly independ-

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ent, these Asian leaders, but like Anna's King of Siam they face a "puzzlement." In order to measure up to the expectations of their own peoples, they must grapple with problems of economic growth that make outside help—technical advice and investment capital—absolutely mandatory. Moreover, solving these problems calls for a whole range of skills that revolutionary hell-raising didn't seem to require.

I vividly remember a remark made to me by the late President Elpidio Quirino of the Philippines along this line.

"Back before independence," he said, "Manuel Quezon was our hero —but it was easy for him. All he had to do was to raise his arm and shout 'Independence!' And everyone else would rally round and shout, too. But now it is different." He wrinkled his round nose in distaste. "Now it's all arithmetic, all arithmetic."

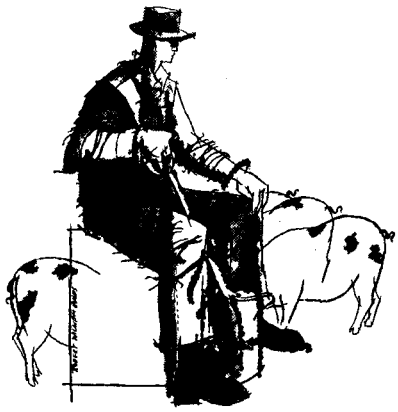
In the last twelve years, several thousand Americans have traveled abroad on assignments to help the Quirinos of the newly independent countries with their arithmetic homework. And yet, faced with competitive coexistence, we are sometimes not too successful.

The Burmese Rice Puzzle

Take, for example, the case of Burma, a newly independent nation, just eight years old, so neutralist that it even resents interference from other neutrals like India.

In 1953, Prime Minister U Nu rejected the American economic-aid program. Burmese officials have since been frank to say why: They resented our efforts to line them up with an anti-Communist bloc and cut off trade with their Chinese neighbors; and they were outraged by the secret American help to General Li Mi, the Chinese Nationalist whose troops escaped from the Chinese Communists and carved out a piece of northern Burma, where some of them are still living off the Burmese countryside. Since 1953, Burma has continued to hire American advisers but on its own payroll.

Burma's economic growth depends largely on rice exports. There is a world food shortage now, and Burma might expect to cash in on this demand by raising the price of its rice to its neighbors. But last year, trying to do something about our farm surpluses that would be politically popular in the United States, the U.S. Congress told the State Department to sell surplus farm goods, if necessary, for the currency of the buying countries rather than for dollars—the local currency then to be used for promoting development in the countries that buy the American surpluses. Using this rather complex procedure for giving something away, the State Department has already signed agreements with In-



donesia and Japan under the new act. Talks are still going on with India.

U Nu naturally regards this procedure as a form of dumping. In the resulting atmosphere of resentment, Burma sold 200,000 tons of rice to the Russians earlier this year, and Burma's imports from the Soviet bloc have rocketed up from three to twenty-five per cent in the last year. Following closely on the heels of B.&K., Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan turned up in the Burmese capital, Rangoon, and agreed to take 400,000 tons of rice a year for four years. In return, Burma will this year get $52 million of capital equipment and consumer goods from the Soviet Union and its satellites, plus $35 million worth for each of the three succeeding years.

At about the same time, U Nu asked the State Department whether American aid could be resumed, but without strings and on a similarly "businesslike" basis. (To a Burman, "businesslike" means "in exchange for rice.") The question was raised in Washington when U Nu came on a state visit and again when Secretary Dulles came through Rangoon on his way back from the Karachi meeting of the Southeast Asia Treaty powers. The answer illumined the irony of American policy: We would be glad to give aid free (with Battle Act strings that would prevent Burma from sending "strategic" goods to Red China). But we couldn't possibly accept Burma's rice in return.

'Three Seven Five'

The economic missionaries who are successful have been those who quickly discover an important truth: Economic growth is not primarily a matter of science and technology, or even a function of the amount of aid invested. Whether aid is useful depends mostly on the environment with which it is surrounded. Each modern gadget has to be encased in the institutions required to make work. It is not enough to provide a technical invention, fresh from Chicago or Schenectady; there has to be a high rate of social ingenuity too.

An early lesson to this effect was learned in the China aid program; it has had a profound effect on the spirit of some of the later aid programs in Asia, notably the one in India.

The story begins in 1948, when Congress passed a law establishing a Joint Commission for Rural Reconstruction in China, and several American farm experts crossed the Pacific to bring the benefits of American science and technology to the peasants of the largest agricultural country in the world. To the Americans' surprise, there didn't seem to be any takers; Chinese farmers did not appear to have any interest in increasing their output of rice or millet.

The commissioners found that

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farmers didn't want to raise more food because any increase would be promptly siphoned off by the landlord, the usurer, the marketing middleman, and the tax collector—who in some communities were all the same person. So this group of three wise Chinese and two adaptable Americans decided not to worry about technical progress for a while, and try instead to get the Nationalist government to enforce some of the rent ceilings already on the law books in most provinces.

On the mainland this program came too late; the Communists with their land-reform slogan had been working the same side of the street for years. But in Formosa, where the JCRR still flourishes, the commission's new policy meant lowering all rents from 50 to 60 per cent of the crop to 37.5 per cent. Suddenly an insistent grass-roots demand for technical aid made itself felt. As soon as it became known that each peasant family would get a bigger slice of what it produced, the farmers all over the island began to ask about fertilizers and scientific seed selection, those western miracles which could swell their total output. Today Formosa is growing more rice than ever before—even under Japanese colonial efficiency.

The program was widely publicized under the slogan "Three Seven Five"—that is, the new rent ceiling of 37.5 per cent of the crop. An associate of mine, traveling through the back country, noticed a little three-year-old wearing a new dress. He stopped his jeep and asked the little girl how she happened to be wearing such bright new clothes.

Her reply was an explanation, not a thank-you. But I always considered it the best compliment we ever had on the ECA's Far Eastern program. "Three Seven Five," she said.

Assimilation of a Pump

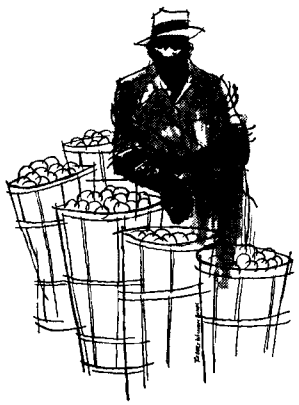
A few months ago in Teheran, a group of American Point Four experts sat down to draw some conclusions from their experience. The resulting report, distributed by the American Universities Field Staff, contains a valuable vignette on foreign aid and the "the spirit we are of."

The report traces the four-year history of a Diesel pump in a certain Iranian village. This pump, constructed over a deep-water well, was installed in 1953 for three purposes: clean drinking water, irrigation, and something called "impact." It didn't occur to anybody, at first, to worry about where the pump ought to be located, who would run it, who would make repairs if it stopped running, how much would be charged the villagers for the water, what they would use for money to pay for it, or who would collect the money.

The first year villagers wouldn't go near the pumphouse. The water was pure, all right, but it had a "strange taste." One farmer said that his father and his father's father drank from the irrigation ditch and he saw no reason to change. For more than twelve months the pumphouse served only as a billboard for Communists, who wrote on it "Yankee Go Home."

The second year, the pump got a short workout toward the end of the cotton season. But instead of using it for domestic water thereafter, which was the original idea, the villagers firmly locked up the pumphouse. "Even those few who were favorable," says the report, "could see no practical way of financing regular operation of the pump."

In the third year the village was



deluged with technical assistance in "health, education, agriculture, village council, co-op and credit activities." A village co-operative was formed, and the village council finally thought of borrowing some money at the beginning of the season to operate the pump, then collecting fees from the villagers at the end of the season when their crops were in. These arrangements, plus a prolonged drought, got the pump working full time.

THEN, of course, it broke down. Replacement of a delicate and expensive part cost $100, a big investment for an Iranian village. There was considerable sentiment for dropping the whole project, but finally the funds were scraped together by the village council, and the engine started working again. "For a brief period, while the river was heavy with mud, the pump was used to deliver drinking water. Once the river cleared, the pump was shut down for the winter as an unnecessary expense, microbes or no microbes."

As the fourth year gets under way, says the Teheran report, the villagers have got together and decided that what they really want is a slow-moving gasoline engine, "a Model A and not a Cadillac." They have decided to borrow the year's operating budget in advance, then have the village council collect a flat rate from the villagers later on. They belong to a central co-op in the area, and they are trying to get it to add pump maintenance to its present farm machinery operation.

"The villagers are learning the hard way how to fit a machine into their lives and make it work for them," the report concludes. "They are learning (as the technicians are learning) that the machine does not work in a vacuum. Along with it, social organizations, credit, training, accounting, education, use of outside advice and many other things are necessary. They are learning that any improvement has to be fitted to the village situation, that some machines and practices are much better adapted to their use than others and that the burden of planning and operation is (and properly so) on them."

The Balance of Growth

It is this process, balancing social with technical progress, which we describe with the shorthand phrase "economic development." It is not primarily a matter of technical know-how. It requires, if anything, a knowledge of human beings.

What is true in the village is doubly true at the level of central government. It is often far less important to cure sickness, manufacture things, or even grow food than it is to leave behind a viable structure of govern-

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mental services, a working procedure for a centralized budget, and the knowledge of how to plan for economic growth without creating a ruinous inflation.

We have in our recent past some horrible examples of what happens when the need for balanced growth is ignored. Much of the early Marshall Plan aid to Greece was used for straight welfare purposes, including a large program of building hospitals and other monuments to the warmth of America's heart. But three years later, a wild inflation of the Greek currency dramatized how little attention had been paid by the early planners to the importance of producing more goods to balance the "unproductive" paper money printed to pay workers and soldiers on government construction projects. Only a drastic policy of deflation and the ruthless cancellation of scores of pet projects dear to the hearts of individual American experts in Greece finally brought the inflation under control.

SIMILARLY, in the early days of Philippine independence after the Second World War, the U.S. government dumped in hundreds of millions of dollars in the form of veterans' benefits and other cash payments, which inflated Filipino prices and attracted overflow imports of urban consumer goods, from Cadillacs to combs. (It was said in those days that you could buy enough combs in Manila to take care of every hairdo in Asia.) Yet at the same moment peasant villagers in crowded Luzon were turning in desperation to the Communist-led Huks, because the government could not command the resources to resettle some of them on new land in half-vacant Mindanao.

It wouldn't have been so difficult to agree with the Philippine government on the imposition of temporary controls over imports and foreign exchange, such as most countries had to have during the war. As it was, the situation got so bad that starting in 1949 the United States had to condition its aid on tight controls, a balanced budget, a revision of the tax system, and a real start on land reform. The eleventh-hour change in the economic atmosphere, followed by the political victory of the vigorous, reform-minded Ramon Magsaysay, may have saved our ex-colony from becoming "another China" during its first decade of self-government.

Where the stake is the survival of freedom, this kind of institution-building task is the centerpiece of an aid program, not just an unnoticed "public administration" project buried in a list of a hundred others.

In this kind of work the measure of success is to be looked for in the growth of social institutions—a public-health service, a farm-extension service, a school, a factory organization, even a labor union, an association of students, or a political party—enduring institutions that relate a new government to the people it newly rules, and enable the people truly to participate in real decisions affecting their own welfare and destiny. This, and not written constitutions with phrases lifted out of our Declaration of Independence against George III, is the "road to democracy" in Asia as elsewhere.

The Art of Giving

If aid is to be viewed as institution building, we have the clue to another lesson about "the spirit we are of." It becomes clear that we are looking for results, not for gratitude.

An important purpose of our aid programs is to help democratically minded nationalists succeed in winning "popular" approval by governing effectively in the people's interest. We only cut across this purpose when we insist that people's gratitude for the tangible benefits, and consequently their political loyalties, should be beamed at America rather than at their own leaders. When, in elections or street fighting, the Communists challenge the nationalists for control of each newly independent country, the outcome will ride on the toughness of fiber of the nationalist leaders, and on the political credit that they have been able to build up among their own people. In the day of crisis and choice, those of our friends will win who have been able to transfer to themselves the credit for the added strength we have made possible by our aid, *without* being embarrassed in the eyes of their own followers by public kowtowing to a foreign power.

Our desire to be popular, the need to be constantly reassured that we are generous, is in truth a neurotic, adolescent craving. As we grow up to our strength in the world, we can see that gratitude is a deceptive measure of accomplishment. It is all too easy to be generous enough to convince ourselves of our altruism, but it is practically impossible to be generous enough to convince others.

BEFORE the President's commission decides how much we ought to spend on foreign aid and what kind of organization ought to spend it, the commissioners might find it useful to make out a list of homely reminders for Americans working abroad.

Their list might run something like this:

¶ For the duration of this assignment, you are not just a technician, a doctor, farmer, engineer. You are mainly a teacher, a builder and a restorer of human institutions.

¶ Remember that it's their country. Start from where they are. Start with what they want, which includes freedom from fear of domination by you or the nation you represent.

¶ Your success will be judged by the results achieved, not the credit America gets or the gratitude that is publicly professed.

¶ This is no one-shot effort. The United States will have to live for all the years to come with the new societies you are helping to build.

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Deepening Shadows Over Cyprus

RAY ALAN

NICOSIA

THE EXECUTION here on May 10 of two Cypriot terrorists brought about an unprecedented *rapprochement* between the Communists and the right-wing church party. The mysterious "Dighenis" (his real name is George Grivas) who commands the Cyprus liberation movement (E.O.K.A.) played a leading part, as a senior officer in the Greek Army, in defeating the postwar Communist insurrection in Greece. But he has now issued a circular offering reconciliation with the Communists if they join the fight for Cypriot self-determination.

In Greece the executions created a climate of opinion favorable to the advent to power not merely of a neutralist government but of an anti-NATO one. The violent demonstrations they touched off in Athens were anti-American as well as anti-British: It is taken for granted there, as throughout the Near East, that Britain could not for long conduct a policy of which the United States disapproves. Foreign Minister Spyros Theotokis, a cultured, soft-spoken, tragically embarrassed ex-Anglophile, assailed for his moderation by press, Opposition, and church, resigned in despair on May 28; and Premier Constantin Karamanlis, NATO's stoutest pillar in Greece, is wobbling. Moderates associated with Theotokis and Karamanlis who, with royal and ecclesiastical support, proposed that Britain be granted bases in Greece as well as Cyprus in the event of Britain's conceding Cypriot self-determination, have withdrawn their proposal.

Long-Standing Friendship

Since the days of Byron, Anglo-Hellenic friendship has never seriously been disturbed. It has been one of the few constants of the swirling eastern Mediterranean scene; and after the comradeship in arms forged in 1940 (for six months Greece was Britain's only combatant ally) nothing seemed more imperishable. On the Greek side, even small towns had their quota of British street names, and the British visitor needed never lack a bottle of wine, a meal, or a roof in the remotest mountain village.

Even the Cypriot aspiration for *Enosis*—union with Greece—had not tarnished this idyll. The Britons who took over from the Turks in 1878 were welcomed by a delegation of Cypriots who "trusted that Britain would help Cyprus, as she had already helped the Ionian Islands, to be united with Mother Greece." Nineteen years later, Gladstone had stressed "the satisfaction I should feel were it granted me before the close of my long life to see the population of that Hellenic island placed by a friendly arrangement in organic union with their brethren of the Kingdom of Greece." And in 1915, at a critical juncture of the First World War, the British government offered Cyprus to Greece on condition that Greece immediately enter the war on Britain's side.

In 1931, to draw attention to their claim, Cypriot extremists more or less accidentally burned down the residence of the island's British governor, Sir Ronald Storrs; but, despite this contretemps, the fair-minded Sir Ronald conceded in his memoirs the fundamental justice of the Cypriots' claim.

There was not, originally, any intention on Britain's part of denying Cypriot rights indefinitely. It was merely a question of time, and of Britain's strategic needs. All would have been well long ago had other powers not had such voracious appetites in the Middle East. In the late nineteenth century Russia was the threat; in the early twentieth it was Germany and a German-oriented Turkey. Between the wars, first Italy was a nuisance, then Germany again; after Hitler, Stalin took over. Whitehall became more appreciative of its island foothold in the Levant and the more willing to approve plans intended to endear British colonial status to the Cypriots.

Prosperity Arrives

Hitherto, Cyprus had been the Cinderella of the region. The British administration had continued to collect an Ottoman-imposed tribute from the protesting Cypriots until the mid-1920's, and until the 1940's a post in Cyprus was the career's-end reward of officials who had sweated out their lives in the tropics and were ill equipped to understand a colony whose natives were white, spoke without waiting to be spoken to, and held out their hands for you to shake as if they were your equals. Traffic signs and complicated administrative instructions were in English, but little effort was made to educate the Cypriots in their rulers' tongue. And although the Foreign Office used Cyprus as a base from which to broadcast cajolery and coffee-shop music round the clock to the Arabs, until 1952 there was no Cypriot radio station.

In the late 1940's and early 1950's—concurrently with the loss of Palestine, Abadan, Suez, and the Sudan, and with Stalin's Berlin blockade and Korean aggression—all this began to change. Highway and telephone communications were improved and health services expanded. Rural electrification, cheap credit, and co-operative marketing transformed agricultural life and brought the island's long downtrodden peasantry unprecedented prosperity and security.

Economic pump priming was done partly by direct British subsidies, partly by military expenditure. Local taxes were kept low. In Cyprus at least, this was very nearly Britain's finest hour. Personal relations between Briton and Cypriot were not merely good but cordial. Cypriots readily conceded that acces-

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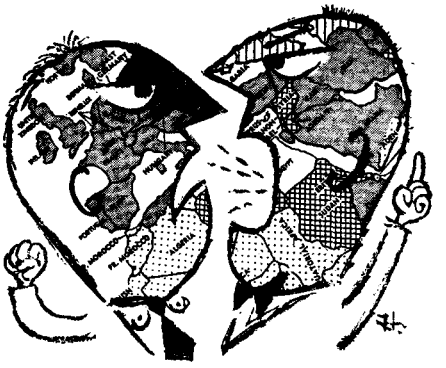
sion to Greece would substantially lower their living standards (the economies of Greece and Cyprus are competitive rather than complementary) and the island's emigration statistics showed that young men setting out to make careers for themselves overseas had no illusions as to what their Hellenic Motherland had to offer: For every Cypriot who emigrated to Greece between 1950 and 1954, 755 went to Britain and 162 to Australia and other Commonwealth countries.

Enosis

Yet the newly plastered walls of the four prosperous main towns were regularly tarred or whitewashed, as appropriate, with the emotive word —at once beautiful and menacing— *Enosis*. On feast days one's neighbors would bring gifts of fruit and wine and borrow a ball of string with which to tie up Greek flags and blue-and-white banners reading ENOSIS KAI MONON ENOSIS ("Union and only Union"). In between playing host to and accepting invitations from their British friends, Cypriot journalists, teachers, lawyers, and businessmen spent much of their leisure composing speeches and articles on the theme "We love liberty no less even if she comes in rags."

Illogical? Not in the least. Man cannot live by municipal politics alone—least of all the Greek, who took out an almost proprietary right in the word "democracy" more than twenty centuries before the rest of us, and the Cypriot could never identify himself with any régime, however enlightened, that involved acceptance of a permanent political breach between himself and Athens. Passionately conscious of his linguistic, cultural, and religious ties with what was once the capital of the human spirit, he yearns above all to see these consummated by a political link. Until very recently, however, his yearning was more romantic than political; it did not necessarily demand a total break with Britain; and British statesmanship—which has squared more uncompromising circles than this—could have conceded the link demanded by Cypriot romanticism and self-respect without any loss of fundamental British interests. An Anglo-Hellenic condominium might



have been established over the island; all Cypriots might have been given dual nationality.

But Whitehall refused to take *Enosis* seriously. Officials pointed to the absence of "trouble." "If the Cypriots really wanted *Enosis*," it was argued as recently as the winter of 1954, "they would at least let off a bomb or two. No, the whole thing is artificial—a stunt whipped up by Archbishop Makarios to boost his own importance and outbid the Communists."

British policy was accordingly devoted to keeping a balance between the right-wing church party, led by the Archbishop; the Communists, whose candidates were successful in three of the four main towns and who dominated the Pan-Cyprian Labor Federation; and the Turks, who number 90,000 in a total population of 520,000. Until a few years ago, the Communists were opposed to *Enosis*, preferring self-government, though they are now swimming with the unionist tide; the Turks, exempt from the high taxation and conscription that a closer relationship with Athens or Ankara would bring, naturally prefer the colonial *status quo*.

No April Fool Joke

On April 1, 1955, *Enosis* at last qualified for Whitehall's attention. Seventeen home-made bombs went off at scattered points throughout the island, and eighty-three others failed to explode. The detonations were the first intimation the colony's politically illiterate security authorities had that *Enosis* had sprouted a terrorist wing—E.O.K.A.

E.O.K.A.'s first bombs were intended only to make a bang, but eight weeks and two or three rather contemptuous British statements later, shrapnel-filled "pipe bombs" came into use and the first shootings occurred. Since then more than eighty persons have died violent deaths on this tiny island—almost half of them British servicemen and policemen, the remainder civilians killed either by E.O.K.A. or in clashes with British troops. About 250 persons have suffered serious injury, and there have been more than five hundred explosions and other violent incidents.

E.O.K.A.'s strength is semi-officially estimated at from fifty to one hundred "activists" and perhaps five thousand enthusiastic but not very well-organized helpers. Probably a quarter of the population approves what E.O.K.A. is doing, a quarter disapproves, and a half is utterly bewildered.

To track down E.O.K.A.'s desperadoes Whitehall is currently employing eighteen thousand troops and three thousand policemen, but a good many more of Britain's nineteen-year-old conscripts will have to be sent in. Using far sterner methods than any British commander could get away with, the Germans failed to suppress resistance on the slightly smaller and less populous Greek island of Crete with fifty thousand men. Field Marshal Sir John Harding is, of course, doing his best.

On being appointed Governor of Cyprus last September, Sir John startled a wide section of British as well as Greek opinion by proclaiming his intention of employing against this kindly Christian people the methods used in Malaya and Kenya. He has not yet called in Papuan headhunters, but he has done some other things to reproduce something like Malayan conditions.

Whole villages have been placed under curfew and fined as "collective punishment" for incidents their inhabitants may have had no means of averting, and families have been evicted from their homes and merchants from their shops for failing to supply the police with information they probably didn't have. Members of the Turkish minority have been enrolled as auxiliary policemen and police informants—and have then ostentatiously been given "protection" against Greek ire.

Thus in the name of security this friendly, hospitable land has been plunged into a morass of insecu-

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rity; and in the cause of "Britain's responsibilities to NATO" (Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, May 21) NATO's eastern Mediterranean branch has been snapped like a dead twig.

Sir Anthony's Maneuver

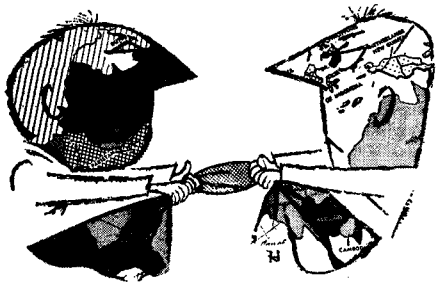
Imitating the tactics of the late Ernest Bevin, who called a conference of Arab League states to "discuss" Palestine for the purpose of enabling him to evade what was strictly a British responsibility and tear up his party's pledges to the Zionists, Sir Anthony Eden deliberately brought Turkey into what was strictly an Anglo-Greek question at his ill-fated London conference last year. As the Conservative *Spectator* commented, it was like trying to patch up a broken marriage in the presence of the co-respondent. Turkey renounced all interest in Cyprus after the First World War. Neither Turks nor anyone else had ever suggested that the Turkish minority in a Greek-governed Cyprus might be ill treated.

Unfortunately, Sir Anthony's maneuver came at a time when Turkish Premier Adnan Menderes was facing a revolt within his Democratic Party aimed against both his personal authoritarianism and his literally bankrupt economic policy. Turkey's foreign-exchange reserves were exhausted; the Turkish lira had dropped to ten to the dollar (nominal rate 2.8); urban unemployment figures were soaring; and factories were having to restrict their output for lack of raw materials. So the Cyprus diversion was more than welcome to the Turkish régime.

All-Important Oil

In terms of atomic warfare, the strategic value of Cyprus is slight. It could meet no wartime need, offensive or defensive, so important as to explain Sir Anthony's present obsession. On one occasion in the late 1940's when war with Russia seemed close, the men in charge of certain delicate British installations there were instructed to draw up evacuation plans, and the island is undoubtedly more vulnerable now than then. But Cyprus was used as a base of a different kind during the Abadan, Suez, and Jordanian crises, when British airborne units stood poised there ready to intervene on the Middle Eastern mainland on receipt of a code word from London. When Sir Anthony and Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd speak of the island's importance as a base, it is in this sense that their words must be interpreted.

The recoil of Whitehall's postwar attempt to "use" the Arab League against those who might not share its ideas on how to run the Middle East and the collapse of the politico-military "situations of strength" it so confidently constructed on the inviting desert sand have left wide open to subversion and attack Britain's most precious stake in the region, neglected during the past decade of irrelevant Levantine power politicking—the oil wealth of the sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf. Britain consumes today two and a half times more petroleum products than in 1938; but whereas in 1938 it imported about thirty per cent of its crude oil from the Middle East, today eighty per cent of its oil comes from there. Nine-tenths of this is supplied by the Persian Gulf area, notably Kuwait; and nine-tenths of the total oil reserves (known or suspected) available to British companies lie in the same area. A Foreign Office scheme to bring together the Persian Gulf sheikdoms and principalities in one political unit was hastily dropped when it was realized that a Persian Gulf Mossadegh could extort from Britain whatever price he liked to put on his oil. The alternatives before Britain would be to pay up or face economic collapse.



Unfortunately for Britain, articulate Arab opinion in the separate territories is being unified in another way—by the inflammatory anti-British propaganda of the Arab League. Revolt is already brewing in Kuwait and Bahrein against the paternalistic pattern of indirect British control that has benevolently overlaid the area for so long. Colonel Nasser and King Saud are reliably reported to have pledged themselves at their last meeting to spare no effort until the last British official has been evacuated from the Arabian peninsula. The degree of liaison on this question between Cairo and the Kremlin, cognizant as both must be of the dependence of the British economy on Persian Gulf oil, can only be a matter for conjecture.

The Archbishop Departs

Of course Britain has no choice but to defend its interests in the Persian Gulf area, if necessary by force. To do so it must have a major air transit base within reach. Israel and the Suez Canal Zone have been evacuated; liquidation of Britain's two Iraqi air bases was part of the price of Iraq's adherence to the Baghdad Pact; Jordan was sacrificed to the same sacred white elephant; and Arab nationalism is aflame in the Crown Colony of Aden. Only Cyprus remains—a base, moreover, not only for troops ready to fly on call to Kuwait, Bahrein, and elsewhere, but for British intelligence and propaganda services and other installations of a type difficult to house outside one's own territorial jurisdiction.

Even this objection to *Enosis*, however, could have been overcome in good time if any serious thought had been devoted to the problem, and if Britain had retained Greek good will. Whether *Enosis* had taken the form of a joint Anglo-Greek administration of Cyprus or outright cession of the island to Greece, Britain could without difficulty have kept full control, say for thirty years, of the two or three small enclaves required for its military and other installations. Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the British Labour Party, has recently suggested that such a settlement should be made, but it may be too late.

Sir Anthony, in spite of previous declarations by his Colonial Secretary that Cyprus could "never" be granted self-determination, and by his Foreign Secretary (then Harold Macmillan) to the effect that the principle of self-determination could not be considered as one of universal application, was by the end of 1955 moving toward agreement with

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Archbishop Makarios and putting out surreptitious feelers toward the Greek Foreign Office. Then came the Jordan debacle and King Hussein's expulsion of General Glubb—both the consequence of Foreign Office miscalculation. Sir Anthony evidently assumed that a demonstration was needed that Britain, too, could still push people around when it wished. The tragedy was that the man he chose to push around, Archbishop Makarios, was the one whose signature Britain most urgently needed.

With the Ethnarch's deportation, temperatures rose in Cyprus. Then the two terrorists were hanged, and with their hanging all ambiguity in Anglo-Cypriot relations vanished. After that nothing more could be done in Cyprus either for Britain or against it.

'New Leaders'

Whitehall now claims to be "waiting for new Cypriot leaders to emerge." Its representatives in Cyprus are, in fact, naïvely playing the Communists' game. Most of the 140 or so Communists interned at the end of last year have been released. Many of them have been supplied with quantities of government-sponsored leaflets pointing out that whereas in Greece "many thousands of Communists are interned in primitive prison-camps," in Cyprus Communists and all others are normally allowed full freedom of expression. "In the event of *Enosis*," the leaflets ask, "what would be the fate of the Cyprus Communist Party and the Communist trade unions? Would they not be banned, as in Greece, and their leaders forced to flee?"

British officials on Cyprus admit the possibility that the first batch of "new leaders" to fill the Cypriot political vacuum might well be Communist. But, they argue, this need not necessarily be harmful: It would probably spur the right-wing forces on the island to adopt a more reasonable, more co-operative attitude.

In normal circumstances this would be dangerous nonsense. As things are, it amounts to no more than a pathetic footnote to the British chapter of this island's long history.

Why Molotov 'Resigned'

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

VYACHESLAV M. MOLOTOV'S exit from the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs is an event in Soviet domestic affairs as well as in diplomacy. It marks the progress of the break with Stalinism which has has been taking place for some time now, and it foreshadows the approach of a new phase of de-Stalinization. All those elements in the Soviet Communist Party and in Communist Parties outside Russia which have viewed this trend with misgivings or hostility and have sought to obstruct it have until now looked to Molotov for support, if not for leadership. They are greatly weakened and disappointed by his departure, and must expect new disappointments in the near future.

Molotov's "resignation" was, of course, timed to coincide with Marshal Tito's arrival in the Soviet Union. But there were far weightier motives for Molotov's removal. Preparations are now made in Moscow for a series of rehabilitations which, in the long run, will be of even greater ideological and political consequence than Tito's rehabilitation, and which will be even more embarrassing to Molotov.

FOR SOME TIME now the Soviet press has denounced as travesties of justice the purge trials of Stalin's adversaries which the late Andrei Vishinsky conducted in the years 1936-1938. Vishinsky's assertion that the "confessions," upon which the verdicts in those trials were based, constituted valid legal evidence are branded as a monstrous perversion of the law. The inescapable conclusion is that the defendants in those trials, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rykov, Bukharin, and others (perhaps even the absent and impenitent Trotsky), were innocent of the crimes attributed to them. The Soviet leaders have so far still hesitated to say this in public, clearly and frankly. But the logic of de-Stalinization will soon compel them to muster courage and to carry out this most difficult act of rehabilitation.

Nothing would be more incongruous than to proclaim the rehabilitation while Molotov remained in high office. The constitutional responsibility for the major purge trials rests on him, for it was under his Premiership, which lasted from 1930 till 1941, that they were framed.

Rehabilitation and the Scapegoat

Molotov has resigned from the Foreign Ministry, but he still is one of the Vice-Premiers and a member of the party's Presidium. It remains to be seen how long he will be permitted to hold these offices. The denunciation of all the "perversions of justice" committed while he was Premier has thrown the gravest discredit on him. It should not be forgotten that the new Soviet generation has imbibed the story of the purge trials, in its Stalinist version, from school textbooks, and has grown with the idea that the victims were in fact traitors, spies, and saboteurs. The recent revelations have come to it as a great moral shock. The final and now inescapable rehabilitations are coming as an even greater shock.

People inevitably ask who, apart from Stalin, was responsible for the denounced misdeeds. Only a few days before Molotov's resignation, Mikhail Bagirov, the former Premier of Soviet Azerbaijan, was executed, because, it was said, he had made false accusations and staged false trials. It will be only natural for Soviet citizens to reason that if a provincial dignitary is so mercilessly punished for abuses of power, then surely the ex-Premier of the Soviet Union, who presided over much worse abuses at the very center of power, should also stand trial.

It is difficult to see how the men of the present ruling group are go-

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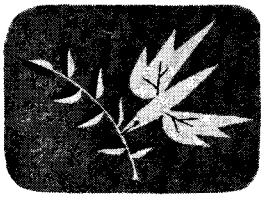
ing to solve this bloody tangle. Since nearly all of them were Stalin's willing or unwilling accomplices, they are not inclined to fix clearly the responsibilities for the past, and to inflict punishment on Molotov. Nor can the legacy of the Stalinist terror be properly disposed of by new trials and executions—that is, by a wave of anti-Stalinist terror. But intense emotions and passions are now aroused by this issue, and it cannot be ruled out that the present leaders may yet seek to appease those passions by making a scapegoat of the man who was Stalin's second in command over so many years.

IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS the change of Ministers does not foreshadow any distinct change of policy. For some time now Molotov had already been removed from the effective direction of his department and made to suffer humiliation after humiliation. Not he but Bulganin and Khrushchev received important foreign visitors, went on missions abroad, and dealt with current diplomatic business. In the Central Committee Molotov was under strong attack from none other than Dmitri T. Shepilov, the new Foreign Minister. Thus the change of Ministers puts a seal on a change of policy already accomplished.

Western diplomacy will find in Shepilov a man very different in temper from Molotov—it would indeed be difficult to find two more contrasting characters. Molotov was the perfect bureaucrat of the Stalin era—orthodox, shrewd yet dull-minded, suspicious, secretive, and impassive. Shepilov is one of the younger party intellectuals who somehow managed to preserve a certain independence of mind even in the ritualistic atmosphere of the Stalin era. He is quick-minded, sharp-witted, and full of verve. He also appears to be much better educated as a Marxist theorist and an economist than his predecessor.

Molotov was almost a symbol of the isolationism of the Stalin era, with its obtuseness and lack of sensitiveness to the outside world; this was reflected even in his lack of fluency in any foreign language. The new Minister brings to his job an extensive knowledge of world affairs acquired in part from reading much in foreign languages. Molotov's habits of thought were formed at a time when western Europe still was, or seemed to be, the center of world policy; and Old Bolshevik though he is, he belonged essentially to the nineteenth-century diplomatic school whose horizon rarely transcended Europe. He felt completely out of his depth whenever he stepped into the "Anglo-Saxon world," and in his diplomatic conceptions he made little or no allowance for the rising nations of Asia and Africa. Shepilov is much more a man of this century. The Anglo-Saxon world has loomed very large on his horizon: He appears to have



studied English and American history diligently. And in his diplomatic calculations he gives much weight to the affairs not only of Asia and Africa but even of Latin America.

IT WAS ON these points that Shepilov attacked Molotov, holding that Molotov pursued his diplomatic action on too narrow a basis, as a game between great powers only, and that he neglected the opportunities open to Russia in the vast, "uncommitted" areas of the world. Molotov, indeed, viewed suspiciously the nations that remained neutral in the cold war, and he treated the governments of India, Burma, Indonesia, and Egypt as mere stooges of western imperialism. Against this, Shepilov insisted on the need for Soviet diplomacy to encourage neutralism and to treat India, Burma, Indonesia, and the Arab states with the consideration and respect due to independent nations. He castigated Molotov's tactical rigidity and lack of initiative. He carried the day within the Central Committee: His was to some extent the initiative for Khrushchev's and Bulganin's visit to India; he undertook to test his line in Egypt, which he did with notable success; and he had the satisfaction of being able to listen to Molotov's "self-criticism" at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party.

The Bigger Stick

Shepilov is undoubtedly the rising star in the Soviet firmament. He may be expected to conduct foreign policy *mediocriter in modo, fortiter in re*. He will carry a big stick and speak softly, unlike Molotov, who had a preference for speaking rudely. But the contrast between the two Ministers is probably less a matter of personalities than of the different situations in which each has had to work. Molotov's outlook fitted a time when the Soviet Union acted from weakness, inferiority, and fear—first it was fear of Europe at large, then fear of the Third Reich, and finally fear of the American atomic monopoly. Soviet diplomacy then relied on the defenses of the weak: secrecy, stone-walling, bluff, and surprise. Molotov carried a rather short stick during most of the time when he spoke so rudely, but he found soft speech uncongenial even after the stick had become much bigger.

Just how much bigger the stick had become was indicated by Shepilov, when, at the recent Twentieth Congress, he pointed out that before the Second World War Communism was in control of only seven per cent of the world's industrial output but that it now controlled not less than thirty per cent and was rapidly increasing its share. These two figures stand for two different eras of Soviet diplomacy, and the different eras require different men.

It should perhaps be added that in one crucial respect the former Foreign Minister probably represented a more conciliatory attitude toward the West than that which his successor is likely to take. Molotov was still vaguely inclined to consider a settlement with the West on the basis of Germany's unification. This seems now to be ruled out in Moscow. Shepilov will indeed speak softly, avoid provocation, and make the most of Russia's "unilateral disarmament"; but he enters the stage with an awareness of the new power which backs his diplomacy, and with quite a new sense of confidence.

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All Aboard For the Coattail Special

ROBERT BENDINER

As EARLY as the spring of 1955 the farsighted Richard M. Nixon laid down the law for Republicans who plan to defend their seats in Congress this year: "We have to have a Presidential candidate strong enough to get the Republican Party elected." Ever since, Senators who formerly showed no more fondness for the President than a small boy for a cake of soap have been publicly "liking Ike."

The spectacle would be merely entertaining if it did not highlight certain truths about current American politics. The most obvious, no doubt, is that the Republican Party's right-wingers understand that their appeal is fatally limited, a concession which it is perhaps worthwhile to have thoroughly aired in the nation at large. Another is that their great need presents the President with a perfect chance to render them powerless should he be so minded. For clearly his blessing on these veteran champions of isolationism and a pre-depression economy can be worth many thousands of votes to them, whereas their power either to help or hurt him with the electorate is hardly discernible.

But in the long run by far the most important aspect of this rush to make hay in the sunshine of the Eisenhower smile is the effect it may well have on the future of the Republican Party—an effect greatly intensified, potentially, by the President's physical condition. Should he be re-elected in spite of two major illnesses in a nine-month period, not only will these new converts to middle-of-the-road Republicanism probably ride in on the winning ticket, but, once re-entrenched, they will be in a good position to remold the Grand Old Party in their own image. Even without the distinct possibility of an enfeebled and part-time President, they would have working in their favor the Twenty-Second Amendment, which would make a second term for Eisenhower his last. The moment of his inauguration would also be the moment his star passed its zenith, and by midterm it would be very low on the horizon. Those who had used him merely to help them stay in office would then be free to damp down their liking for Ike and return to old flames like the spirit of the Chicago *Tribune*.

To observe, with this possibility in mind, the opening gambits in a quartet of Senatorial campaigns serves both to uncover the present nervousness of Tory Republicans and to acquire easy instruction in the elements of political strategy at its crudest.

The Baritone Bellwether

Let us take first the case of Senator George Bender, the hearty extrovert from Ohio. Four short summers ago Mr. Bender, then a member of the House, distinguished himself at the Republican Convention as Taft's First Assistant Floor Leader in Charge of Spontaneous Demonstrations. Equipped with cowbell and bellowing baritone, he made loud the days and nights with renditions of "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover That I Overlooked Before" and was generally boisterous enough to secure his title as the "Paul Bunyan of Noise."

In truth, Bender had not overlooked his clover at all. He had been closely associated with Taft and his policies through much of the late Senator's political career and had in fact performed for him the same cowbell rites at the convention of 1948. In the days before Eisenhower represented political pay dirt, Bender voted the straight Taft line, especially in international affairs. Repeatedly and by habit he acted to cut foreign-aid appropiations, both military and economic. He opposed the Greek-Turkish aid program and the Marshall Plan. No less than seven times he voted for crippling amendments to the Trade Agreements Act, and he favored withdrawal of the United States from even so innocent an agency as the International Labor Organization. Indeed, he was so skeptical of the internationalist Eisenhower that in the fall of 1951 he is reported to have confronted him at SHAPE headquarters with the characteristically worded question direct: "Is you is or is you ain't a Republican?"

Soon after the Eisenhower inauguration, however, the Ohioan began to turn his face to the White House like a heliotrope reaching for the sun. True, he voted for the Bricker amendment, which the President opposed, but by and large he supported the Administration enough so that when he decided to run for Taft's old seat in the Senate, he was ready to appeal to Eisenhower for aid. Proudly he presented the President with a news clipping showing what a good boy he had been for a year or two, and in return he received from the political foe of his erstwhile four-leaf clover the elegantly couched assurance: "Anyone who's for my program, I'm for."

From that point on, Bender's admiration for Eisenhower mounted steadily. In his 1954 Senate campaign Taft's old lieutenants endorsed Bender in the late Senator's name, but he also carried into battle a letter from Ike praising him as "a proponent of progressive yet conservative measures of government." He beat Thomas A. Burke by a narrow margin. Running for the full Senate term this year, Bender appears to be convinced that the more ardent his fervor for Eisenhower and the warmer the President's endorsement in return, the more certain he will be of returning to Capitol Hill, particularly since his opponent, Governor Frank J. Lausche, has been known to appeal to Republicans almost as much as to Democrats.

With some such strategy basic in his calculations, Bender had to make sure, to begin with, that Mr. Eisenhower would oblige him by running for re-election, since the influence of a retiring President would hardly be decisive. As early as February of last year he was telling audiences in Ohio that in 1952 a

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"remarkable man" had been "called by God to serve as President of the United States in these critical times," presumably at the very moment Taft was being called by Bender for the same purpose.

The President's illness of last September must have been a devastating blow—personal as well as political, for Bender seems to be a warmhearted man. But the Ohio Senator recovered even before Mr. Eisenhower did. A week before the President left his Denver hospital, at a moment when other Republicans were seized with an understandable reticence, Bender unhesitatingly plunged ahead with a prescription for the Eisenhower future. Recalling Theodore Roosevelt's observation that we must all "either wear out or rust out," he briskly recommended that the President choose to wear out rather than "spend the rest of his days in a rocking chair." In his condition, he solemnly advised, "The worst thing for a man to do is to be inactive." Ike could win without a single campaign speech, he concluded, and at least as much to the point, the Republicans behind him "would sweep the country."

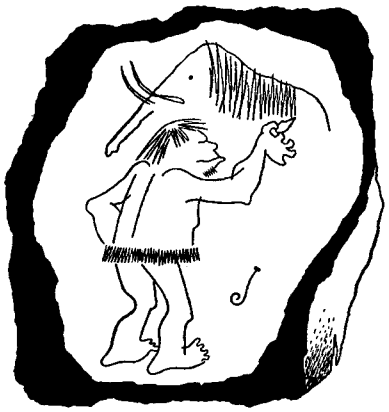
Fired by his new enthusiasm for the President and the promise he holds out for Republican candidates further down on the ticket, Bender would hardly be recognizable to his old idol, the "Mr. Republican" of his day. "I supported Eisenhower from the very beginning," Bender says. "I believed in his philosophy long before I knew there was such an individual." Once he was so carried away, according to the Washington *Post and Times Herald,* that he told the Senate, "Why, I voted for him before I ever heard of him," and had to amend the *Congressional Record* to eliminate that improbability.

Certainly Taft would have been surprised to hear the old opponent of foreign aid defer to Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey with such humility as this: "If he agrees that we must still spend large sums of money to protect our fundamental interests in Asia, he knows what he is doing . . . We must not make the unfortunate mistake of eliminating spending that helps to safeguard our way of life. Helping those countries which we rely upon to help us is a good investment."

Is Bender embarrassed by this about-face? Not at all. In a floor debate with ex-Republican Wayne Morse, he put it simply: "The Senator from Oregon was yelling himself hoarse for President Eisenhower and telling us what a great military leader he was, and what a fine Christian gentleman he was. I was for Taft, but now I have come to know that the Senator from Oregon was right then." He later denied that he was apologizing for having supported Taft, but the Chicago *Tribune,* by now extremely sour on Mr. Bender, observed that his 1954 slogan "I Like Ike" had been stepped up to "I Love Ike" for 1956.

Homer's Odyssey

In Indiana a similar metamorphosis may be observed in the person of



Senator Homer E. Capehart. Like Bender an ardent Taft man four years ago, Capehart had compiled over the years a record which, save for a brief championing of emergency price controls a few years back, was innocent of any corruption by Eisenhower's middle-of-the-road Republicanism. But *tempora mutantur* and Capehart along with them. A few years back the Indiana isolationist was advising his Senate colleagues to put the Marshall Plan on a "free-enterprise" basis by turning it over to private business. But last year he not only went down the line for the Administration's $3.5-billion foreign-aid bill but even opposed Senator Knowland's attempt to earmark part of the sum as loans. The man from the Wabash is now persuaded that Congressmen need to get around a bit. "My gosh," he said in a recent burst of worldly sophistication, "when you think of the global responsibilities that we have to meet almost every day during a long session, why, you just can't avoid a conclusion that we ought to go abroad to see for ourselves."

After the Republican defeat in 1948, Capehart knew immediately why his party had lost to Harry Truman. Too much of that middle-of-the-road nonsense from Dewey—"We me-tooed 'em." So when Eisenhower's candidacy was being pressed by the same forces, the Indianan was emphatically opposed. "Ike is a great general and a great American," he said, "but his being nominated makes about as much sense as putting Taft in charge of the Army." If any general rated the Presidency, he said, it was MacArthur, whose recall incensed Capehart to such a degree that he got himself embroiled in a physical scuffle over the affair with two of his Senate colleagues.

But now that Eisenhower is President, Capehart is in the vanguard of the "me-tooers." When it seemed that Indiana's Governor George N. Craig might challenge him for the party's Senatorial nomination on the ground that he was not an Eisenhower man, Capehart protested, "I've supported the Administration to the limit." This was a bit of an exaggeration. *Congressional Quarterly* records show that last year he backed his party's President on sixty-five per cent of the roll-call votes. But this was, to be sure, a distinct increase over the previous session, in which he seemed to like Ike less than half the time when it mattered.

Overnight, it seemed, the general whose nomination made so little sense to Capehart in 1952 had become a masterful executive. Following the President's heart attack, the Senator assured the Washington *Star* that Mr. Eisenhower could "run his office as well from Gettysburg or Denver as from the White House" because he had "such an unexcelled grasp" of the Presidency. Thus is necessity the mother of conviction.

The Automatic Butler

Among the recent Senatorial converts to the Eisenhower banner, John Marshall Butler lends himself somewhat less than Bender and Capehart to the before-and-after treatment. The contrast is there, all right, but the Maryland Senator seems never to have taken political ideology very

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seriously anyway. "I want to feel my way along," he told a newspaper interviewer soon after his election in 1950. "I've never thought in political terms."

Inevitably this feeling process was strongly influenced by the friends Butler had made in his campaign against Millard E. Tydings, described by a Senate committee as a "despicable 'back-street' type of campaign . . . . conducted by non-Maryland outsiders." Among those outsiders were Senator McCarthy, Ruth McCormick Miller, then editor of the Washington *Times-Herald*, and Jon Jonkel of Illinois. With this initial backing, it was natural enough for Butler to gravitate, once elected, to the Midwestern isolationist, pro-Taft contingent in the Senate. Men like Dirksen, Capehart, Welker, and McCarthy became his closest associates.

Fitting comfortably into this coterie, Butler voted regularly, until 1954, to cut foreign-aid appropriations, both economic and military, whether requested by Truman or Eisenhower. He also voted against the present Administration on the St. Lawrence Seaway, the Bricker amendment, and public housing. Naturally, he opposed the resolution to censure McCarthy.

Concerning Eisenhower himself, he made his position clear shortly before the nomination. "General MacArthur is a much more truly representative Republican than General Eisenhower," he said. "I don't like the idea of a military man for President, but if we must have a military man, I would choose MacArthur over Eisenhower." Butler gets along very poorly with Governor Theodore McKeldin, the most ardent Eisenhower leader of his state.

Once again, however, the philosopher accommodates himself to circumstances. Seeking re-election this year in a rough return match with Tydings, Butler appears to see the President in a new light. The Republican Party's greatest asset, he says now, "is Dwight David Eisenhower, who is following the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln into the hearts of our Nation and its people." Indeed, he told this year's Lincoln Day diners, "God has seen fit to give us another leader who was 'born to be great.'"

As the campaign warms up, it will be hardly surprising to see other Republicans who have long hugged the right shoulder of the road come sauntering down the middle, full of "progressive conservatism" and liking Ike as he has never been liked before. Even Herman Welker of Idaho, McCarthy's champion, has been making tentative noises as an Administration man, though he is rated about fortieth among the Senate's forty-seven Republicans when it comes to consistency of support for the President.

The Moving Finger

But of all these strange election year phenomena, perhaps the least attractive is the pirouetting of Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen. To the Illinois Senator, as to the Chicago *Tribune*, his political sponsor and journalistic guardian, the Repub-

lican convention of 1952 had ended in disaster. The mantle of Republicanism had been draped on the shoulders of a man viewed by the *Tribune* as the candidate of Truman, Dewey, Wall Street, and Europe. Charged with the high duty of placing Taft's name in nomination, Dirksen did his best to undo the machinations of that unholy quartet.

Nobody who was within reach of a television set will forget the Dirksen finger waving in dramatic rebuke at Thomas E. Dewey as the man who had twice led the party to defeat and was bent on a third try via Eisenhower, or the oleaginous Dirksen voice as it sought, unconvincingly, to still the booing of Mr. Dewey by the Taft delegates. As a regular of regulars, Dirksen quickly sought a truce once the convention had made its choice, but he had stirred up so bitter a brew that as far as Eastern Republicans were concerned his absence from their campaigns was earnestly solicited. Typical was the Rhode Island Republican Club, which canceled his invitation to its clambake on the ground that the "prejudices Dirksen has created would hurt the candidates here."

Two short years later, however, Dirksen had begun to mellow. Congressional elections were due, and it was plain that more could be asked of the voter in Eisenhower's name than in that of the Republican Party. Dirksen stumped the Middle West praising Ike, the man who was once no more than Dewey's figurehead, as the "gentle President," whom the voters were duty bound to support with a Republican Congress. If the Democrats were given control, that "gentle President" would be put "in a position of begging the opposition for a program for the welfare of the 165 million people in the country." And that, said Dirksen, "would be the crucifixion of the greatest country in God's world."

The truth is that the President's program had to do at least as much begging for support among Republicans in Congress as it did from the Opposition, and not least from Senator Dirksen. On measures for foreign aid and foreign trade alike, he was almost always to be found voting against the leader of his party. He was one of the sponsors of the Bricker amendment. He sided vociferously with McCarthy in his time of troubles, opposed the Administration on appropriations for rural electrification, and voted to pass, over the President's veto, a bill to prevent the expansion of social security.

But Dirksen, like others, appears to sustain the rule that the sooner a Senator is due to come up for re-election, the more virtue he sees in the views of a popular President. Recall for a moment the Dirksen of 1949 on the subject of foreign-aid appropriations: "We're bailing out seventeen countries, including Great Britain, because they went to pot financially. This is a part of the outpouring of tax money that is shunting our country into a real crisis." Now hear him in 1955, in defense of the Administration's Mutual Security bill: "I believe the term 'foreign aid' is a very unhappy one. It implies and connotes a giveaway or welfare program . . . It is not a giveaway program. It is not a contribu-

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tion for the welfare of any people. It is not charity. We are doing it for the greatest, most blessed, most prosperous country on God's footstool. That is the justification for this program." And then a disarming admission: "I remember the day when I used to attack this program. I did it with a great deal of verve and vigor. I take it back. Publicly and privately, I take it back . . . Notwithstanding the waste that may be involved, this has been a good program."

In other ways, too, Dirksen has acted to reserve space on the Coattail Special. When many of his old colleagues met last year to question the Administration's loyalty to "Republican principles" and to mutter darkly of a third party, Dirksen condemned their talk as "just nonsense." Once McCarthy had gone down the chute, his erstwhile defender from Illinois announced that he "thoroughly disagreed" with Joe that the Eisenhower Administration had ever appeased Communism. And no one, he recently assured a group of Republican women, has done a better job than the President and Mr. Dulles (a Dewey man) in "practicing the patient pursuit of peace"—to such good effect, indeed, that if the good ladies cared to listen they might hear "the larks of peace singing" overhead.

One might be almost cynical about all this tripping to Canossa if Dirksen himself had not discounted in advance the vulgar charge of opportunism. As reported in the Raleigh *News and Observer* a year ago, he solemnly laid down, in a public address, the principle that "Those whose views are shaped by the shifting of political winds are not worthy of being called Republicans."

Wiley in the Wilderness

There is hardly reason to believe that the Eisenhower who blessed all Republicans in 1952—the Jenners along with the Lodges—will fail to accept joyfully and at face value the protestations of the Benders, Capeharts, Butlers, and Dirksens. The only question is, What will he do for those who have consistently gone down the line for his program? His failure to do anything for Senator Alexander Wiley, who has been repudiated by the right-wing masters of the G.O.P. in Wisconsin, indicates he will do for his supporters in intraparty trouble precisely what he has often done for them in the past—nothing.

Keynoting the party's state convention in Milwaukee, the President's spokesman, Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield, appeared to go out of his way to snub Wiley. The only speaker at the affair who defended the Administration's foreign policy, Wiley failed to win endorsement for re-election and now faces a bitter primary fight with Glenn R. Davis, a Republican who, in the House, votes against that same foreign policy roughly three-fourths of the time. It is all very well for a President to refrain for tactical reasons from openly pressing the renomination of a faithful supporter, yet it seems that Wiley is entitled to ask, in the words of the poet, "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?"

With the Wileys being rejected and Republicans in Congress now openly out to emasculate the President's foreign-aid program, it appears more than ever that his new and hard-boiled admirers like Ike for very practical reasons. They may not vote for him on Capitol Hill but they desperately want everyone else to vote for him in the election booth. With Nixon they believe, because they must believe, that in spite of the recent surgery, their indispensable man will be "back on the firing line very soon."

'Siberia, U.S.A.'

A. ROBERT SMITH

Of all the areas under the U.S. flag, Alaska has unquestionably been the most neglected in the field of mental-health reforms. Under its archaic insanity laws laid down by Congress more than half a century ago, any Alaskan who becomes mentally ill can be admitted for treatment only after (a) being taken before a lay jury and tried in a criminal proceeding, in which he is adjudged guilty or innocent of insanity; (b) clapped into the local jail if found insane; and (c) subsequently taken in the custody of a U.S. marshal to a private mental hospital at Portland, Oregon. Many patients never see a doctor until they reach Portland. Frequently they are transported along with criminals the marshal is delivering to the nearest Federal prison at Tacoma.

As time and civilization moved forward in Alaska, and mental-health reforms began to win adoption in the states, Alaskans began to petition Congress to institute hospital facilities for patients in the territory.

For the past seven years, Alaska's delegate in the House, E. L. (Bob) Bartlett, had tried to bring this hope to reality, only to be thwarted for various reasons. He came close in 1952, but the bill was sidetracked by the objection of the Congressman from the Oregon district in which the Portland hospital is located. Alaska got the break it was seeking last year when two newly elected Democrats from Oregon, Senator Richard L. Neuberger and Representative Edith Green, announced their support for Bartlett's long-standing proposal.

Then the Department of the Interior, which administers much of Alaska's affairs, and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare jointly recommended a ten-year plan to provide Alaska with its own mental-care facilities, reform the procedures for admitting patients for treatment, and authorize Federal grants-in-aid to get the program going until Alaska could carry it.

Vigorously backing the Administration's more far-reaching plan, Mrs. Green and Bartlett pushed it through committee with the co-oper-

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ation of Congressman Leo O'Brien (D., New York), chairman of the House Territories subcommittee. Its only opponents were people acting on behalf of the Portland hospital. They contended "Alaska isn't ready" to take over the program. Alaska's Governor B. Frank Heintzleman said the territory was ready and waiting. The House passed the bill without a dissenting vote and the outlook was for clear sailing through the Senate.

To Arms!

There is in Burbank, California, a group of a hundred or so housewives organized as the American Public Relations Forum, Inc. It so happened that A.P.R.F. received from an Alaskan friend a copy of the Alaska bill. As the group's president, Mrs. Stephanie Williams, later told a Senate committee, her ladies were dedicated to studying bills that Congressmen are too busy to analyze for themselves—a kind of home guard in the legislative wars.

The field of mental-health legislation was a familiar battleground to the Forum. Mrs. Williams claimed major credit for a campaign last year that defeated a bill in the California legislature to establish state mental clinics in local communities. She had plenty of help—from an old political associate, ex-State Senator Jack Tenney; from Pro America; and from other lesser-known groups. Apparently feeling the impact of this blast from the extreme Right against the mental-health bill, Governor Goodwin Knight came out against it.

The issue became a battle cry. Tenney, in his newsletter, shoved those who advocate mental-health reforms into a class with Communists. Another newsletter publisher, Robert H. Williams of Santa Ana, headlined one of his editions as follows: MENTAL HEALTH PROPAGANDA PREPARING WAY FOR JAILING ANTI-COMMUNISTS AS MENTAL CASES. Williams told his readers:

"For many years the revolutionaries, especially those in the Zionist power movement, have made clear, either by direct statement or by their obvious build-up to this end, that they want to make anti-Semitism a crime and intend to brand all opponents (bigots and anti-Semites, as they call their opponents) as mental cases and send them to insane asylums."

Spreading the Word

So the Forum housewives sniffed through the forty-three-page Alaska bill like bloodhounds. They found that:

¶ The governor of Alaska may enter into reciprocal arrangements with the governors of the states for treatment or transfer of patients. (This is to provide for immediate care of Alaskans who may be taken ill when outside the territory until they can be returned to Alaska, or vice versa for residents of the states who might happen to fall sick in Alaska. It also provides for reciprocity payment pacts between the territory and the states of the type that is common today between many states for meeting the cost of temporarily treating nonresidents.)

¶Alaska would be given a Federal land grant of a million acres from the 375 million acres of Federal lands in the territory. This would be similar to land grants given Utah, Oklahoma, Idaho, Wyoming, and South Dakota, when they obtained statehood, to provide revenue for state mental hospitals. The same idea was applied to most Western states, which received public land grants to provide school revenues.

But to Mrs. Williams and other ladies of the Forum, this combination of provisions had only one interpretation: The governor of any state could dispatch anyone found to be mentally ill to Alaska, where he would be confined on a vast reservation that would be in effect a concentration camp.

Last January, the Forum spread the alarm. Its bulletin said the bill "could apply to all Americans, especially those who have been active against the New Dealers and their schemes to make this country into a member of world government and reduce us to slavery."

The Santa Ana *Register* picked up the theme with an editorial entitled "Now—Siberia, U.S.A." printed just a few days after the House passed the bill on to the Senate.

"Under the terms of the bill," the newspaper said, "a fair question to ask would be this: 'Is it the purpose of H.R. 6376 to establish a concentration camp for political prisoners under the guise of care and treatment of mental cases?' The answer, based on a study of the bill, indicates that it is entirely within the realm of possibility that we may be establishing in Alaska our own version of the Siberia slave camps run by the Russian government."

Soon "Siberia, U.S.A.," was being printed all over the country in various extreme right-wing publications, among them Gerald L. K. Smith's *The Cross and the Flag, The Dan Smoot Report, The Green Mountain Rifleman,* and *The Greater Nebraskan.* Such groups as the For America League, Women for God and Country, and the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense took up the cry. Dan Smoot warned that mental-health reforms "would permit seizure, incarceration and treatment of 'mentally ill' people without trial by jury and without due process of law prescribed by our Constitution," though even a casual reading of the bill would have shown that it provided the right of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury for anyone believing himself to have been wrongfully committed. And every patient wishing to fight his commitment is guaranteed an attorney, who can appeal the jury's decision if need be all the way to the Supreme Court.

March on Washington

Strange allies were lined up together. Flailing away against the bill shoulder to shoulder with the *Tablet,* a Catholic weekly newspaper published in Brooklyn, was the perennial Vice-Presidential candidate of the Prohibition Party, General Herbert C. Holdridge, who pinned the "plot of wickedness" behind the bill on the "black forces of the Jesuits who dominate the Vatican." In the same alliance were others who blamed it all on the Zionists.

Quite an expeditionary force turned up in Washington last February when the Senate subcommittee on Territories and Insular Affairs held hearings on the bill. Before a standing-room-only crowd, the committee heard out the protesters. Senator Alan Bible (D., Nevada), who presided, concluded at length: "It is abundantly clear . . . that no one possibly could be sent

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out of any state to Alaska and committed to a mental hospital there."

Mr. Williams, the Santa Ana publisher, pulled out a book by Dr. Harry A. Overstreet entitled *The Great Enterprise* and claimed that the author said that any one who is "angrily against race equality, public housing, the TVA, financial and technical aid to backward countries, organized labor" is "well along the road toward mental illness." Williams's analysis may have triggered his attack, for, according to the Santa Ana *Independent,* he is a "purveyor of hate" and a "baiter of Jews and seller of maligning words for dollars [who] is busy in Santa Ana planting seeds of hate." The Los Angeles *Daily Mirror* once described him as "a home grown hatemonger" whose specialty is "fraudulent charges against our Jewish citizens."

Williams was by no means alone in trying to convince the lawmakers that there was a Jewish plot behind the mental-health movement. John Kasper of Merchantville, New Jersey, noting that Sigmund Freud was a Jew, testified that "I think it is important to realize that about eighty per cent of . . . the psychiatrists are Jewish." To this reporter, Kasper, owner of a bookstore in Washington, D.C., later added the observation that relatively few Jews wind up in mental institutions.

The A.A.P.S. . . .

Groups that took the trouble to examine the bill came out in its favor, including the American Medical Association, the American Psychiatric Association, and the National Association for Mental Health. Indeed, one conservative newsletter, *Challenge to Socialism*, published in Washington by Dr. Marjorie Shearon, undertook to buck the entire propaganda campaign against the bill by circulating factual accounts of its provisions. Her main effort was directed toward trying to convince the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons (A.A.P.S.), for which she had been the adviser on Congressional affairs for a number of years, that it had made a mistake in joining the other attackers.

Of all the organizations that joined the attacking forces, A.A.P.S. was probably the most notable. Formed thirteen years ago to fight "socialized medicine," it now has doctor committees in forty-five states and a membership of ten thousand physicians and surgeons. From the outset its Chicago headquarters issued repeated bulletins denouncing this "incredible" bill, saying "it is impossible to describe all [its] horrendous provisions . . ."

In spite of the explanations that Dr. Shearon sent along from Washington, A.A.P.S. refused to retreat and admit it had been hoodwinked on the "Siberia" charge. Dr. Shearon, who then quit A.A.P.S. in disgust, put it this way:

"A.A.P.S. appears to have been the largest professional group to be sucked in. Neither the A.M.A. nor any state or county medical society fell for the 'Siberia' line. The American Academy of General Practice, second largest medical society in the country, did not get on the Siberia bandwagon. A.A.P.S. was wholly irresponsible in misleading the public. It refused to retract when the Alaska Territorial Medical Association asked it to do so."

. . . and the 'Lunatic Fringe'

A.A.P.S.'s refusal to retract appears to go well beyond the plain embarrassment of admitting a blunder. A top A.A.P.S. official, in a letter to an associate, explained the organization's dilemma as follows:

"When you are espousing a right-wing cause you are apt to attract a fairly sizable lunatic fringe which has to be kindly dealt with, if for no other reason than to keep them from going over to the enemy. This is just simple realism.

"There isn't any use denying it, a great many people who are on our side aren't there because of any sound and sincere belief in our principles, but rather because they conceive our side of the argument to be the one that is to their personal and often pecuniary advantage. Nonetheless, when you are in a war you have to take what allies you can find."

Goldwater to the Rescue

After hearing all the witnesses with judicial patience, the committee received two substitute bills from two of its members. One of them, sponsored by Senator George W. Malone (R., Nevada), was purportedly written by Kasper, the embattled bookstore owner, who claimed authorship of "every word of it." The second, sponsored by Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Arizona), was designed to placate the opponents of the original bill.

Although none of the Senators had expressed any misgivings about the original bill, Goldwater's bill turned out to be a workable compromise. It would authorize mental hospitals for Alaska but do nothing about modernizing commitment procedures. This latter responsibility would be tossed to the territorial legislature.

The heaviest opposition died away. The A.A.P.S., which had refused to retract its attacks on the original bill, came out in support of the Goldwater measure. In a letter to the committee, the president of A.A.P.S., Dr. Charles W. Pavey of Columbus, Ohio, said that "it was extremely unfortunate that there was so much intemperate expression on both sides of this matter."

John Kasper, the bookseller, had embarked on another mission and could devote little time to the Alaska bill. He had formed, he was pleased to announce, the first white Citizens' Council in the nation's capital, with the objective of reversing progress toward racial integration (schools, restaurants, hotels, and playgrounds are all integrated in Washington now), getting the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations, publicizing commercial contributors to N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League, and wiping out "rock 'n' roll" music.

And so in mid-June, no longer hampered by sensationalized opposition, the Senate passed the Alaska Mental Health bill without dissent after a ten-minute debate.

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She Knew Prince Kropotkin

A Short Story

EUGENE BURDICK

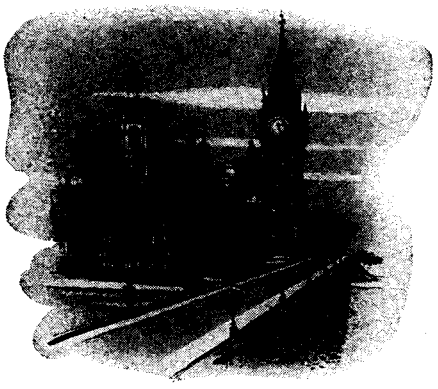
I FIRST met her in London just after the Second World War. I had come down from Oxford to buy some books and had missed my stop on the Underground. When I came up from the tiled sanitary tunnels I was startled, for I was in a part of London I had never seen before. The area had been heavily bombed. I started to walk down Red Lion Street toward my destination.

It was a foggy day with a drizzle. The debris had been swept away, but there were still neat piles of bricks in the vacant lots and fences had been built around bomb craters and exposed basements. The bricks and the fences had taken on a patina, a gray moist layer, so that they looked as though they had been there for generations. I had the impression that the street was old, ruined, brown, and poor. My nose was ready for a disagreeable smell. The smell never came, however. It was just a tic, brought on by the look of the ruins.

I walked slowly by the shops. I stepped into a stand-up tea shop. It was cheap and old. My teacup had a pattern of intricate black lacy splits on it, a beautiful design etched by mere age and use. The cracks in the counter were packed with dirt that long ago had taken on the sheen of old varnish.

There were a few clerks from nearby offices in the shop: small, hunched, lemming-sharp boys with shrewd faces. They wore sharp suits that glistened in the seat and at the elbows. There was a girl with the incredibly pure complexion of Devon and the quick chip-like laugh of Lambeth. I drank my tea and left.

It started to rain and the fog did not dissipate. It was not a dense rolling fog but a serrated layering thing. It came to my waist; then the air was clear and another layer of fog started about fifteen feet in the air. I met a woman whose hand reached down into the fog. A child wailed and the woman hurried on, speaking softly to the invisible child. I felt that she should pick the child up. I squatted down and as the fog came to my eyes it was like crouching in soft, moist white cotton. I



could see nothing except a pale yellow spot that came from a distant street light.

The Liberty Library

I came to a curb with too much caution, shuffling like a blind man. The heaps of wet and ancient bricks now looked awesome and the bright flowers growing from them were not reassuring. And the rain increased.

I came to a bookstore. On the window LIBERTY LIBRARY was lettered in black paint by an amateur hand. I opened the door and went in.

One side of the room was lined with full shelves of used books. The other side was lined with magazine display racks and I saw copies of *Liberté* and *Industrial Solidarity*, and a whole array of Spanish, Dutch, and French newspapers, all of them small and old. Everything in the place was dusty.

The back of the room was a slightly raised platform and held a table, a small stove, a washstand, and a meat safe. A woman was sitting at the table having tea. She did not look at me. She picked up an egg, held it gingerly, and hit it with a yellow horn spoon. She sliced off the top and began to eat it neatly. There were several thick pieces of toast on the tray and a saucer full of jam. The woman ate quickly and methodically, as if she did not enjoy food.

"May I browse around?" I asked.

"Certainly," she said without looking up. "You're an American, aren't you?"

"Yes."

She picked up a slice of toast, neatly spread it with jam, cut it into little pieces, and ate them with a fork. I turned and walked over to the bookshelves. I picked one with a red cover which had the title *The Syndicalist Revolution* and began to leaf through it.

LATER I bought the book and came to know it well. It was really a novel about a fictional revolution that the syndicalists had planned for Paris. The novel argued that the freedom of the individual was absolute and that the state had no claim on him whatsoever. The whole object of the syndicalist revolution was to destroy the state and the capitalist and bourgeois classes to ensure that no one could ever again dominate the individual. The syndicalists were opposed to reforms, elections, and parliaments. Any revolution that became political at once opened the door to the dread *Thermidor*. The revolution had to be absolute. Everything must be overthrown. The revolution would begin with a general strike. All workers would simply put down their tools and declare to the bourgeois state that the price of their resuming work was to end the state. No trains would run, electricity would go off, sewers would back up and disgorge filth into the houses of the bourgeoisie, communications would not exist, no busses would run. The novel drew an eerie picture of a whole complicated society faltering, grinding to a stop, and then starting

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to decompose. The revolutionary masses would wait, certain that the bourgeoisie would order out the army, certain that blood would flow, but certain that they would win.

All this was described in the minutest detail: how bread was to be distributed, which prisoners would be released from jail, the assault on the Hôtel de Ville, the documents to be burned in government archives and those to be preserved. (All property records to be burned; all health records to be saved.)

Marginal Notes in Red

At the time I did not know about all of this. I leafed through the book because the margins were filled with notes written in a very small, incredibly precise handwriting and in red ink. All of the space on the pages not taken up by the print was covered with this copperplate script, so tiny that the words could barely be made out.

I read one of the passages at random and then read the marginal notes. I deciphered the handwriting slowly and as I did the hair rose slowly on my neck. I could not believe my eyes. I read the text again.

"The first task of the workers," read the text, "is to capture the bakeries of the city. When this is done the workers can control the supply of food and bourgeois resistance will be struck a decisive blow."

The delicate handwriting in the margin took cold exception: "A mistaken and sentimental concept. The revolutionaries must at once destroy *all* of the bakeries. No one must eat in the first days of the revolution. Starvation will deepen the hatred of the masses; draw them together; unite them as no act can. Allow the masses, or the revolutionaries, to eat and to drink their fill and they will at once become complacent. Everyone must go without food . . . even if this means that large numbers of revolutionary comrades die."

A few pages later the book advocated that the revolutionary workers seize the transportation system. Then the workers could control the movement of traffic over the entire country.

"Sentimental rubbish!" the marginal note said. "The bourgeois will at once order the military forces in from the outlying districts afoot. What is necessary is that the orders not go out. The telegraph and radio offices must be closed at once and the operators either shot or thrown in jail. Then the orders cannot go to the troops . . . who are the natural allies of the bourgeoisie. The workers always collapse at the first sight of the soldiers; what is important is that they should not see them. The workers in the city, the soldiers in the country, the revolutionaries between them . . . a perfect situation."

The marginal notes did not give the impression of excitement or hatred. There was something austere and final about them, like the cryptic honesty of an algebraic formula on a pure white page. They did not permit of argument. I felt at once that the novel was harmless, inefficient, sentimental.

In the middle of the book the authors describe how the fashionable *arrondissements* of Paris should

be insulated. The argument ran that if the bourgeosie were confined to their homes the revolutionary masses could slowly and deliberately take control of the city.

"The workers have become habituated to obeying gentlemen in clean linen and morning pants," the marginal notes said. "The barricades around the bourgeois *arrondissements* would be breached by the first solicitor that went out to air his dog. Why do revolutionaries so badly misread Marx? M. said that the capitalist system has brutalized the workers; who would give real power to brutes? What is necessary is to dump twenty pounds of arsenic into the reservoirs of Tuilly and Grand Armée. The bourgeois will have diarrhea so bad that they will not wander more than twenty steps from their water closets for a week." Then, as an afterthought, another sentence was added, twisting around the print of the page. "What is *really* necessary is to keep the revolutionary masses away from the innocent faces of the bourgeoisie so that their spirit will not be broken."

In another section the text stated that the workers should put up two machine guns under the Arc de Triomphe so that all of the radiating streets could be swept with revolutionary fire.

"A perennial myth of Parisian revolutions," the marginal note said flatly. "Of course two machine guns could control the radiating streets, but everyone forgets the Arc is overlooked by thousands of windows of bourgeois apartments, and a dozen or so would house bold businessmen who would fire their hunting rifles into the unprotected backs of the revolutionary machine-gunners." The marginal note went on to indicate why exits from the Métro were the perfect machine-gun nests: Ammunition could be carried from one station to another, and workers could pop in and out at random. The ties from the Métro would make perfect barricades, and water was available in the toilets.

'Don't You Agree?'

The woman finished her tea and stood up. She quickly stacked the dishes, laid a napkin over them, and walked over to me. It was difficult to fix her precise age—perhaps fifty-five or sixty. She was tall and rather thin and walked with a fine grace. She wore no lipstick or cosmestics and her hair was cut in a short bob. Her skin was very fine-grained. Her eyes were a clear deep blue. She wore a faded dress that somehow, like everything else about her, conveyed the idea of being expensive and aristocratic. I cannot explain it, but the faded dress was not the kind

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of dress that one would expect a shopkeeper to wear. The only thing incongruous about the woman was a scent she wore; it was the scent of country flowers—cheap and fresh, as if it had been chosen in haste or was a gift.

"May I help you?" she asked. Her voice was even and low.

I had a quick impression that she was an upper-class lady come on hard times. I sensed how identical and drab her days must be, how repetitious the teas, how strong the longing for a country house. She would, I felt, appreciate the humor of finding so fantastic a book on her shelves.

"No. I'm just browsing," I said. "It would be very interesting, however, if I could find out who wrote the marginal notes in this book."

She took the book from my hand, turned it over slowly and glanced at the title page. She handed it back to me.

"Yes. I wrote the marginal notes."

"I gather you thought they were running a bad revolution," I said woodenly, automatically polite.

"It was only a novel, so one doesn't really care," she said. "But a distortion of reality, even in fiction, is a bad thing. Don't you agree?"

I nodded, but her words were as unbelievable as the fresh smell of country flowers. I was suddenly unnerved. The fog, the shambling walk to the bookshop, the revolutionary novel, the whole afternoon seemed confusing. I bought the book and left.

The following day was clear and bright. If it had not been I would probably never have gone back to the Liberty Library. But on a fine day it was possible to face it. Also overnight I had reordered my impressions of the woman. It was clear that she was one of those innocent women who had gotten off into revolution just as other women get off into politics or the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Socialist Party of One

I visited the shop several times and came to know its proprietress, Miss Pansy Warren-Gorer, quite well. She talked easily and without restraint about her past life. Her only steady visitor was a tall spare man from Wales. By some odd fate he had developed a solid potbelly that looked like a tear of molten iron under his vest. He was an old revolutionary who had retired to a tobacco shop in Llandudno and promptly made a fortune from a chain of shops. He filled in much of Miss Warren-Gorer's background for me.

Pansy's father had been a mining engineer and after making a good deal of money in the Transvaal had retired to a country place in Kent. Almost the first book he picked up was by Fourier, the early nineteenth-century French socialist. Fourier, slightly mad and greatly talented, had reduced socialism to a science as precise as mathematics. Pansy's father at once saw it as the solution of all human difficulties. He became a socialist in his mid-fifties. Apparently he was a difficult, outspoken man who was tense with an inner rage because people would not see that controlling human behavior was no different than building a bridge; it was all a matter of stresses, weights, tensions, bulwarks, and supports. So impeccable and difficult was his socialism that he was a school of one. But a procession of socialists, anarchists, and Communists went through their home in Sevenoaks.

One of the first men Pansy could remember was Prince Peter Kropotkin.

"I remember the first day I saw him," Miss Warren-Gorer told me one day over tea. "Father had brought back an elephant skin from Africa and he was always trying to mount it by building an elaborate structure of laths and supports inside the skin. The skin was huge and thick, and it kept drooping, sagging to the floor of the attic. He was showing it to Prince Kropotkin when I came in. Father was standing inside the elephant, looking out through a rent in the side. Prince Kropotkin picked me up. He had a very gentle face and a soft black beard. I was not a demonstrative child, but I stroked the beard and he laughed. I never forgot his laugh. It was real and soft, without scorn. He had a Russian accent. He told Father that the secret of socialism was to make adults like children."

By the time she was thirteen she had read every book and article Kropotkin had written. She went to anarchist meetings in London instead of going to matinees. She saw Kropotkin several times and he was very considerate and interested.

"He had so simple a theory," Pansy said. "He thought that people were naturally co-operative and only the capitalist society made them acquisitive and selfish. Only the state and property make it impossible. He believed that all that was necessary was that the workers should quietly, without bloodshed, take over the society and destroy the structure of government. He thought the masses were revolutionary . . . all they needed was the chance."

Her fingernails rustled on the table top as she talked. It was a faint, attractive sound.

Revolution in Action

"I believed all of it," she said. "Until I really saw a revolution. Just before the First World War I went to Italy, to the little towns of the Romagna where the anarcho-syndicalists were making small local revolutions. I saw the peasants come marching in from the country armed with scythes, axes, sticks, and pitchforks, a red flag flying at the head of the column. It was a sight to see. I watched as they tied the priest and the mayor backwards on a mule and sent them out of town. The six members of the local militia stood sheepishly in the square drinking wine, their arms having been turned over to the revolutionary committee. I watched as the mob opened the jail and freed the prisoners, and it seemed to me that Prince Kropotkin was prophetic. They went to the city hall and burned up the records. I stood cheering with tears in my eyes as the paper was poured out in cascades from the upper windows, burning as it fell, kicked joyously by the people. I felt I had been admitted to see a miracle, that I knew a secret of life, that the millennial glow was about to start. Nothing was impossible; man had dominated himself."

She paused, her fine eyes looking over my shoulder. "Then it all fell apart," she said. "A third of the workers crowded into the cafés and got uproariously drunk. Another third went back to their farms and

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tried to move their land markers so as to enlarge their farms. And the other third crowded into the city hall and started to set up a government." She paused and spread jam thinly on toast.

"Three days later a platoon of cavalry came riding in," she said. "Only a handful of the workers went out to meet them, most of them reeling with wine, waving their pitchforks. The troopers' horses were huge, sweating, and streaked with dust. The troopers waited and then charged the workers. It was a disaster. They sliced off the arm of one worker and he ran down the road, the blood jetting from his arm, and he died in mid-stride. The rest of the workers just took off across the fields, scrambling and disorderly. I stood on a hill beside the road and thought I would die."

AFTER that she had begun to read Lenin. She saw that Prince Kropotkin had been wrong. She was converted. The masses were not always ready for revolt, not spontaneously correct in their revolutionary tactics. The masses were like a huge, red-eyed animal, irritated and angry, made up of millions of people who did not know upon whom to turn. Gnawed and bitten by hunger and disappointed hopes, they were like a too servile dog. And the person at the end of the leash was the bourgeois class. Shrewd, hard-eyed, calculating, it knew how much pressure to put on the leash, when to beat the dog and when to throw it a morsel.

"The revolution could never come in such circumstances," she said quietly. "What is necessary is that the suffering masses be led by a small, disciplined group of revolutionary leaders perfectly aware of what has to be done, capable of decisive action, capable of taking over the government. What is needed is trained revolutionaries to wrest the leash from the hand of the bourgeois classes and lead the big mass animal down a new path where he could regain his dignity and re-educate himself."

I had the sensation that time had been reversed somehow, that I was sliding back into an earlier time. The peculiar archaic words Pansy used, her revolutionary firmness, deepened the impression. She was unbelievable.

Those Bolshevist Scum

One day the library was bright with flowers she had brought up from Sevenoaks. She had some fresh eggs and almost shyly she invited me to have one.

"What do you think of the revolution in China?" I asked. The Communists were then completing their consolidation of the mainland.

She jerked her head up. She was pulling a cigarette out of a pack and her fingernails twisted so suddenly that a spray of tobacco fell on the table. She took a fresh cigarette and inhaled strongly. An ember fell

from the cigarette, drifted in a red spiral to her dress and lived just long enough to burn a tiny brown ring in the cloth.

"That is not a revolution," she said flatly. "That is a change of power only. The Chinese are dominated by the Bolsheviks and the Bolsheviks are counterrevolutionary to their core. I was there in Petrograd in 1917. I saw it all start. I saw Lenin arrive and heard his magnificent April Theses and saw him take up the sodden mass of people and shape them into a revolution. I sewed blankets into boots for the revolutionary soldiers. I carried dispatches. I made speeches to the women. Revolutionary Greetings from the Workers of England! That's what I would say, and they would low with pleasure. I saw Trotsky, Tomsky, Bukharin, all of them. And then it got out of Lenin's hands. He was surrounded by the power seekers, the counterrevolutionaries, the scum. And then one day they killed Prince Kropotkin. He had come to Russia to see the successful revolution and they kept him under house arrest and he finally died of a broken heart."

She looked up and the smoke hazed her eyes. She spoke softly.

"Since then I believe only in the revolution," she said. "The real and final revolution."

"It won't happen," I said.

"There will be a revolution in the West," she said. "It will come. Slowly, inexorably. The capitalist will tighten the leash and throw some morsels, but one day he will miscalculate and the animal will leap. And then the real revolutionary will know what to do."

"Not in the United States," I said, smiling. "There won't be a revolution."

She turned and looked at me. For the first time in our acquaintanceship her eyes were cold and focused into sharp blue points.

"Get out," she said. "I thought you were a revolutionary—someone to be taken seriously. Get out."

The words were cold. Like the chips from some basaltic faith, black, solid, iron-hard.

I STARED at her. In one of those quick, telescoping, insightful moments I knew I had misread everything. She was not a charming English countrywoman with an eccentricity. She was really a revolutionary. She believed what she said. What I had thought was a casual, doddering eccentricity was really the assurance of the expert, the professional. Her faith was so deep she had really believed that I shared it. I knew, with some tiny lucid part of my mind, that she would be capable of leading a revolution in London, would know how to storm Parliament, how to poison drinking water in St. John's Wood, and much more. She would know it and do it. She was the thing itself, pure, a votary.

I left the Liberty Library and never went back.

That Lovely Beard

Later, when I was in Llandudno, I called on the tobacconist. He talked

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about Miss Warren-Gorer's early years.

"A beauty she was," he said. "I mean a real knockout. Stand up at a meeting and rip the hide off the fakers, the labor bosses, the go-slow artists and pie-in-the-sky men. Mad for Kropotkin she was. Saw her once at a meeting in Smithfield's to protest the *Lusitania* business . . . more steerage died than first class, y'know."

I shook my head. "Well, anyway she came in on his arm . . . floated down the aisle. Past all of them sweating, half-drunk lunkies, mechanics, engineers, and sailors right off the job. God, how they eyed her. She glowed."

"Kropotkin was a handsome man," I ventured. "He was attractive to women."

The tobacconist looked at me closely and laughed.

"Ugly as sin he was," he said. "Black teeth, a bad breath, sallow complexion, and a runt for size."

"But his beard was beautiful."

"Awful it was. A scrubby thing, stiff little hairs like charged wires and all greasy. One of the worst I've ever seen." «»

THEATRE:

A Matter of Style

MARYA MANNES

SOME TIME AGO in these pages three plays were discussed as having a common denominator: *The Lark, The Diary of Anne Frank,* and *The Chalk Garden* were notable for being the expressions of cultivated minds. There was no attempt then to make a "case" for cultivation in the sense that people were now demanding it, for of the three only *Diary* became a box-office hit. *Variety,* in its annual listing of Broadway plays, puts *The Chalk Garden* under "Failures," and *The Lark,* in spite of an eight-month run, in the category of "Status Not Yet Determined." Neither, it is clear, were expense-account choices. And a fourth example of distinguished writing and cultivated thinking, Joyce Cary and Norman Rosten's *Mr. Johnson,* the tragedy of a Nigerian boy caught between two civilizations, died after a short box-office illness.

Yet now I propose to make a case for style, and to say that *My Fair Lady* is a historic hit because of style, to say that people are clamoring for style, and to try and explain why style is the great new commodity in theater now.

You could throw Webster's and Roget's equivalents of "style" at this musical of Shaw's *Pygmalion* and they would fit like a counter of gloves. "The quality which gives distinctive character and excellence to artistic expression"—that goes for the writing, the acting, the music, the direction, the décor. "Delicacy, refinement, charm"—that goes for Julie Andrews, double. "Civilized life, manners, breeding"—though Shaw satirizes them he acknowledges their power; there is no question that Eliza's attraction increases in direct proportion to her social education. "Diction, wording, manner, choice of words, mode of speech"—what else did Professor Higgins teach Eliza Doolittle, and by what other means did she become a lady of such beauty and distinction? What other quality than style animates Rex Harrison's flawless performance, or keeps Eliza at the impossible Higgins's side? What else but style—the supreme art of music hall—makes Stanley Holloway the roaring comic he is?

The core of all these styles, of course, is a perfect understanding of Shaw's style: the wit and bite of his thought, the words Alan Jay Lerner has made into lyrics full of joy. Style marks the orchestration of Frederick Loewe, an accompaniment to melody more richly varied, more skillful in its grasp of mood, era, and pace, than that of any other contemporary musical, including the immortals of Rodgers. (Those who have played the record of *Fair Lady* more than twenty times with no diminution of delight can attest to this.)

ALL THIS STYLE, projected and enveloped by an enormous gusto, an irrepressible love of life, would have been enough to make any musical a hit. But I do not think it would have transported people to the extent it has if they had not been undernourished for so long on a diet deficient in style, however rich in other elements. Sooner or later there was bound to be a swing from the rough-and-tumble, tough-and-bawdy, life-in-the-raw product to a state of grace. *Guys and Dolls* was magnificent. *Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees* were full of treasures. But when *My Fair Lady* hit them, people were ready to come out of the rumpus room into the parlor, out of the sweat shirt into the dinner jacket.

I will go even further and suggest that the savagery, indifference, and discourtesy bred by big cities and murderous highways, by the struggle for business and the fight for place, has developed in people a great yearning for civility, for the kind word and the gentle act. And I suggest also that the pleasure given them by an attachment in which a girl like Eliza Doolittle and a man like Henry Higgins never embrace is the partner of a revulsion against the raw sex handed to them on so many platters. Perhaps the palate is beginning to enjoy subtler delights than the swiveled walk and the open mouth. Perhaps the ear, wearied by homely or tough speech, finds solace in the clear speaking and singing of good English, a language playwrights seem embarrassed to use.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Although *My Fair Lady* is the one supreme example of style, the need for it is answered in other productions in other ways. I would not say that the second hit musical of the season, *The Most Happy Fella,* has style; it has too many styles, which is quite a different matter. But Frank Loesser, the genius of *Guys and Dolls,* has written several

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moments of music that have a charming formality and a controlled intricacy that are indispensable to style. The trio of "Abbondanza," for instance, in which an Italian cook and two caterers sing of the physical glories of life, from food to sunsets, has the flourish and brilliance of the best passages in nineteenth-century Italian light opera. And there are other arias and interludes, delightful chiefly for their contrapuntal mastery, in which the ear is always titillated, never stormed.

Where this musical, based on Sidney Howard's play *They Knew What They Wanted*, lacks style is in its very profligacy. There is too much of everything. Too much music, drowning and blurring the good and simple story line; too many dances; too much staging; too much of that self-conscious folk business (the rollicking hearty rural ballets and the drawling cow talk made standard by the pioneer *Oklahoma!*).

Yet it is amusing to consider that both the Shaw and the Howard plays concern the education of a young woman by an older man—in the one, an education of manner, in the other an education of heart—and that in both cases it is this education that awakens love.

In a reverse switch, too, the number that arouses the audience of *Happy Fella* to its warmest pitch is the song in which the young "mail-order" bride instructs her crippled vintner husband in the art of polite greeting. "Happy to Make Your Acquaintance" is the tender and touching counterpart of the satiric "How Kind of You to Let Me Come"—the wonderful technique of civility.

GENTLENESS, civility, charm, manners, wit—nothing, it would seem, could contain less of these than Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, revived at the Circle in the Square in Greenwich Village. It might instead be considered the archetype of the brutal slice-of-life school of writing which has had such impact on the American theater in this last generation and which the success of *My Fair Lady* has now challenged.

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a number of talented writers. Tennessee Williams has given them dimensions of dream and poetry; Arthur Miller has used them as he thought the Greeks might have, to point to an inexorable fate; Saroyan has woven into them qualities of innocence.

In this season alone on Broadway, bums and tarts have been celebrated in that most pallid of musicals, *Pipe Dream*; drug addicts have been shown to us, skillfully and powerfully, in Michael Gazzo's *A Hatful of Rain*; dregs have mumbled Samuel Beckett's mystique of despair in *Waiting for Godot*; and a group of upper-case bums, tarts, and heels are cartooned in that lewd and brassy farce called *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* For a decade we have been fed raw meat, not always fresh. It is no longer news that there are people in this world rooted in squalor.

But it is still news to listen to Eugene O'Neill, for here is a writer who makes most of these younger "realists" look mannered or crude or sterile, or all three. In this four-hour study of self-delusion, *The Iceman Cometh*, the cumulative weight of individual despairs, of fragmented thoughts and emotions, becomes so great that it is almost unbearable. There are stretches—some of them indeed too long, some of them repetitious—when nothing new seems to happen to these sodden or delirious men, and yet the movement of the play is relentless, doom closing in like a vise as the truth of Hickey, salesman and destroyer of illusion, at long last reveals itself.

The Iceman is bitter, cruel, sardonic, funny, accurate, and, although its people are in love with death, flaming with life. And, for all the complexity of its fabric, lucid as day.

If STYLE is "the quality which gives distinctive character to artistic expression," then O'Neill has style. He would be grateful, I think, that it is so brilliantly understood in this revival by director José Quintero, with Jason Robards, Jr., as Hickey, and a group of actors who bring as much to O'Neill as the cast of *Fair Lady* brings to Shaw. Far apart as they are in time, place, and thought, both productions have real importance. The American theater can be proud of them.

The Better Half Of Diplomacy

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THE DIPLOMAT'S WIFE, by Richard Fyfe Boyce. *Harper. $3.*

The substance of this book is as intriguing as its title. It is not a novel or an indiscreet memoir. As its jacket blurb explains, it consists simply of "Helpful do's and don'ts for Foreign Service wives and the wives of all Americans living abroad." It is the ultimate How to Do It—a sort of Emily Post course in good behavior for the ladies of the one service that is supposed not to need it, being assumed to have come by good behavior naturally.

Beneath the surface of its crisp guidance it also turns out to be a revealing sociological document on the habitat and folkways of an expatriate group that many citizens at home still regard as alien or even downright suspect.

Mr. Boyce, himself a far-traveled, world-wise Foreign Service husband, hastens to say that his tract bears no official imprimatur and contains no classified information. It is gratifying to learn that codes of conduct for Embassy ladies are not restricted. Perhaps this is because Mr. Boyce addresses himself not just to the inner professional cadre but to the wives of *all* Americans abroad. He and his publishers have cast their net wide, since there are some three hundred thousand American civilians living abroad today, from missionaries and mining engineers and representatives of soft-drink bottlers to thirty-two thousand government employees and their dependents. There are also the wives of tens of thousands of servicemen stationed overseas who have their own do's and don't's. For these there are already in print *The Army Wife*, *The Navy Wife*, and *The Air Force Wife* by different authors but from the same publisher.

So now everybody is taken care of. Army wives are instructed in detail about what to wear in Labrador and what kind of electrical appliances to take along to Japan. Navy wives are told social usages in Oslo and Tripoli and the rules about getting in and out of Navy launches wherever they are (lowest-ranking wife in first, out last). The publication of such a series is another indication that America's world-wide role is here to stay.

From 'Arid' to 'Zither'

In his share of this collective briefing effort, Mr. Boyce hands out pieces of advice that sound applicable to all. "Be yourself," he says; "Be an American!" On the other hand, "Do not try to give the impression that we think we are perfect." Don't refer to the citizenry as "natives." Try to learn the local language. Learn to make do with what you find: "Remember that the art of living is not dependent upon the availability of modern plumbing . . ."

From these generalities Mr. Boyce goes on into specifics intended for the actual diplomatic circle, swollen as it now is. And these, based on his observations on the spot, show up more clearly than the recent Wriston Committee report on the Foreign Service the special occupational hazards and trials those in it must undergo abroad—man and wife together.

There are, for instance, those recurrent endurance tests that fall under the generic heading "When in Afghanistan, try to do, some of the time, as the Afghans do." When a perfect diplomat's wife visits a humble home in India, she is expected to sit on the floor and eat daintily with her fingers from a banana leaf. (Diplomats' wives, then, do visit humble homes.) In the rugged back country of Iraq, "If your host tears off tidbits and hands them to you, you must eat them." If an Arab chief offers you a sheep's eye as a special mark of favor, gulp that down, too.

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This is only the beginning. When called upon to attend long ceremonies in a language of which you don't understand a word, "pretend an intelligent interest even though your legs fall asleep . . ." Before giving dinner parties, make up seating charts that will place everybody in exact order of precedence, the place of honor of course being on the right hand—except that in India it's on the left. Follow protocol also in getting in and out of motorcars, which (as in the case of Navy launches) is the reverse of what your normal instinct of politeness tells you. If you were taught it was good manners not to arrive too early for a party and never to stay too late, forget it: When your chief entertains, you must arrive before the hour and stay until after all the ranking guests have left, even if they decide to make a night of it. (Yet at the same time, "Be yourself.")

Beware of offending a Moslem by serving pork, or an Indian by touching food with your left hand, or a formal Scandinavian by failing to respond properly to his *skoal*—although again, beware of the effects of too much *skoaling*. Beware of any line of conversation that might involve criticisms of anything either in your host's country or in your own. In fact, beware of any controversial subject whatsoever. What should you do when the resulting dullness is such that your dinner partner dries up altogether? ". . . Try using the alphabet. Talk of something that starts with A. Anything. Go on to B, C, D. Try arid (country); aphids (on your roses); acids (what are they?—the man is a chemist and you can listen wide-eyed . . .); arctic (the man is a traveller and either has been or hasn't been to the arctic); Boston (everyone either likes or dislikes it); . . . you can work your way through several dinners before you get to vernal, to woodblocks, to X, Y and zither."

Tennis-Ball Stew

When you have mastered all these things, along with the intricacies of calling cards and the rules of pouring at diplomatic teas—what then?

Then you find yourself out in Kabul, where because of the lack of housing you may have to set up

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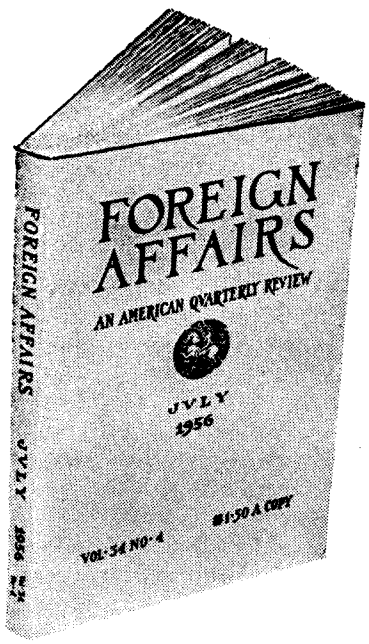

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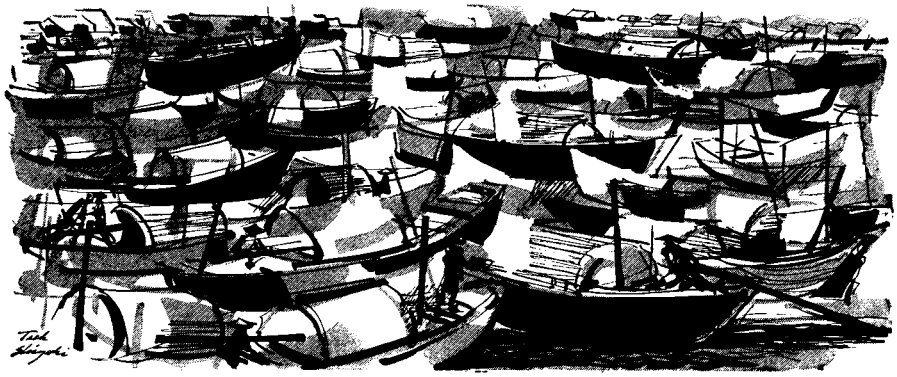
in a Nissen hut. Or in Izmir, where a five-room unfurnished flat without heating or plumbing rents for $178.33 a month. Or in fetid New Delhi, where your garbage removal is done by jackals that roam the streets at night. And from New Delhi they may transfer you and your children, chattels and calling cards included, to La Paz, 12,500 feet up, where you are fairly sure to fall victim to the *soroche,* the Bolivian mountain ailment. In the Far East you can surround yourself with houseboys and cooks at wages below $30 a month each (although your cook may be like the one in Tokyo who when ordered to heat a can of Boston baked beans did not quite understand and boiled a can of tennis balls instead), but your next stop may be Moscow, where your cook not only may get as much as $250 a month but is invariably a government spy besides.

You must, of course, dress well. Even in Kabul, you'll need several evening gowns, two or three ballerina-length evening dresses, and four to five cocktail dresses. (Mr. Boyce neglects to add that one reason why you need so many party dresses at a remote post like that, just as in many of the capitals of the Communist satellite nations, is that almost all the rounds you make are inside the shut-in western diplomatic set, in which almost the only source of variety is a change of clothes.) And when you have bought all your official finery for some outlying place, you will probably be told there's no heating there and that you must expect to freeze. Or you may be handed a "Post Report" that says, "This being a hurricane center, there are no prevailing winds. They prevail from all directions at all hours of the day and night." And you must not complain.

CLEARLY Mr. Boyce has done a public service in describing so many of the true rigors and hurdles of the maligned Foreign Service and its ladies. He has managed to give a remarkably accurate account of what those who elect to help serve their nation abroad often find themselves up against—when they are not up against a war, a diplomatic crisis, a Senate investigation, or a visit from Secretary Dulles.



John Hersey's Destination

MARYA MANNES

A SINGLE PEBBLE, by John Hersey. *Knopf. $3.*

Praise without qualification is a luxury that this new book by John Hersey permits. From the first page on the reader cannot doubt the writer's mastery—not only of the craft of writing but of the discipline of thinking and the art of narration. For this *The Wall* and *Hiroshima* have been magnificent preparations.

A Single Pebble is the single journey of a young American engineer up the Yangtze thirty years ago. It is a story of a junk and its crew, of the dauntless trackers who pull it against the raging waters, of the terrible and beautiful river, of the junk-owner's wife, and of the young American's slow revelation. The object of his journey was to find a site for a dam that would harness the Yangtze power and liberate Chinese lives from their ancient and to his mind intolerable burdens. The result of his journey —of peril, of pain, of the harsh death of the head tracker, Old Pebble—was an understanding of man and of time. "For me," writes the young engineer, "the unendurable idea forcing itself upward at that moment was that perhaps Old Pebble was right: perhaps the Great River could not and should not be challenged by such as I; perhaps a millennium-in-a-day was after all not something that could be *bestowed.*"

Hersey is not arguing obliquely against that hastening of progress which we call Point Four. Instead, every page in the book is a recogni-

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tion, in terms of poetic and compassionate insight, of human values that can be heightened but never replaced by material ones.

The story has the swiftness, the strength, the finality of the river itself. The simplicity of Hersey's style in this latest (and shortest) of his books is not like Hemingway's; it is direct and translucent and economical, but free from self-consciousness. In *The Old Man and the Sea*, which some have bracketed with Hersey's book as a contemporary classic, this reviewer was constantly aware of Hemingway's awareness of his own simplicity. "I am strong and tough and simple," he seemed to be saying. But Hersey is writing as clearly as he can because he must communicate clearly. Nor is he afraid to clothe his sensitivity in exquisite phrases, in which the book abounds. «»

The Dates Don't Matter at All

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE UNESCO WORLD ART SERIES was designed and jointly edited by Peter Bellew and Anton Schutz. Each volume in large format with 32 full color plates. $6.50.

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When you look at the wonderful color plates in these first five volumes in the "World Art Series" produced by UNESCO and the New York Graphic Society, you have to make up your mind whether or not to worry about dates. Worrying about them you are lost: The spread in time is too great, this voyage through the ages too bewildering. Egypt causes no trouble: Egypt is ancient Egypt to any schoolboy, and no one cares under what remote and forgotten dynasty the little girls attending ladies at a banquet in Thebes, this extraordinary juxtaposition of adolescent and mature loveliness, are performing their graceful services—or, indeed, that the scene, painted in a tomb, represents characters that are dead. The girls and the ladies are disturbingly alive.

India presents no difficulty either. For two hundred years before our era began and for six hundred years thereafter, Indian artists decorated the caves at Ajanta, but the image of India that we Westerners have is a timeless one. The faces in the Ajanta caves are recognizable and contemporary. Monks crouch in rows listening to a sermon; they might be Indians at the U.N. listening to the Philharmonic. It is perhaps a little more difficult to assimilate the baby pink elephant playing among the lotus flowers unless one transmutes the joke about drinkers into terms of soothing elegance. And here again is the serving maid, this timeless nostalgia for youth, and a young king and queen sitting in a tent, and everywhere trees, flowers, brooks, and an architectural serenity for which the West waited until Piero della Francesca painted it in Italy.

It turns out that what is nearer to us is farther: the medieval paintings in Yugoslavia and Norway. For here is something that is in our line of heritage and that is lost. We cannot look with detachment at what the Yugoslav artists did with the Byzantine tradition, at what the Nor-

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wegians did, elaborating on the models of Christian iconography that were brought them. For here an uncompromising Christianity proposes its themes and demands that Christians sell all they have, leave their families, and follow their God. The enormous, solemn Byzantine eyes stare us out of countenance; the Virgin holds Christ in a Pietà; the Virgin dies and the Apostles stand there solemnly removed from human grief. In Norway, holy men debate, gesturing; they are painted in bright colors. Joseph leads Mary and the Child into Egypt. Mary, like the angel of Rheims, has the archaic smile of the Greeks. In Norway things are simpler; there is less awe, but there is the same demand that Christians know what their faith is about. Confronted with this art, the western mind, any western mind, is stirred by memories.

What is nearest of all in time is most foreign of all: Here a comic little man armed with a spear and a boomerang is chasing kangaroos. The kangaroos are X-rayed by the artist so that you can see their spines and the precise manner in which the small intestine is linked to the large. Here, painted on the face of a rock, four women are chasing each other; on another rock, a pink-and-green rock, elongated men and women painted in sepia seem to be journeying through the earliest ages of mankind inhabited, elsewhere in these plates, by a mangrove crab and a spiny anteater. Yet these first steps at illustration, this clumsy, incomprehensible magic, is the work of Arnhem Land aborigines in Australia, some of it attributed to spirit folk, some of it executed within the memory of living man, some of it, the fragile paintings on bark, completed just in time for the UNESCO photographers to record. The difficulty this work presents to us is not removed by its resemblance to modern decoration: The aborigines are not working to adorn our apartments. What they are concerned with remains closed to our understanding.

The five volumes in this series, now available, will be followed by works on Italy, Iran, Spain, Ceylon, and Japan. All students of art will want them; this note is written to suggest that they will prove absorbing to the nonspecialist.

The Death of a Man Who Never Lived

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

THE TRAIN WAS ON TIME, by Heinrich Böll. Translated by Richard Graves. *Criterion. $3.*

A train full of Nazi troops called back from Occupied France rolls on toward the Eastern Front day and night. In one of the compartments a young man named Andreas says over and over to himself, "I am going to die very soon." Two days later the soldier is killed in battle.

That's all there is to it. But the two last days of Andreas's life, spent in constant awareness of the finality of death, make this short novel one of the best books written by a German about the collapse of Nazism. For Andreas's terrible premonition of his own death proceeds from a general sense that Germany is on the edge of defeat. In going back over his life Andreas recapitulates the life of Hitler's régime: the Nazi youth movement, the years of military preparation, and finally the war. A militarist Germany robbed him of his life, and the agony of the Wehrmacht was also that of Germany's youth.

AS THE TRAIN rolls on, Andreas sees his life in flashes, as a collection of vivid snapshots. One memory in particular haunts him: the look of a young French girl whose eyes met his for an instant one day as he lay wounded on a road near Amiens. That look is a symbol for Andreas of all the youth and happiness—all the really important part of life—that the Nazi fury has denied him. And it is not by chance that the eyes are French eyes, which, if life had been good, should never have been those of an enemy.

Andreas spends his last night with a Polish girl whom war has made a prostitute. In a delirium of music and alcohol these two children reach desperately for even a glimpse of the happiness they have never known. "Nothing belongs to me here," the girl says at one point, "not my clothes, not my body, not my soul."

The following day, at the time and place foreseen by Andreas—one of those roads to nowhere on which the Wehrmacht was crushed by the vast Russian surge—the German boy's empty life is ended.

Mr. Böll has written his book in a breathless prose that expresses very well the frenzy of a young man so avid for life that he rushes headlong into the horror that will end it. Unlike most war novels, it isn't the progressive brutalization of the hero that is shown, but almost his birth into innocence. In the first chapter Andreas is a battle-weary veteran in field gray; in the last chapter he is a romantic German boy who would have liked to be happy.

But what especially distinguishes Mr. Böll's book from other postwar German novels is that he does not indulge in a pointless tirade against Nazism. In *The Train Was on Time* Nazism is not just an iron collar that all good Germans dream of casting off; it has become part of the soul of an entire generation that has never known anything else: They hate it, but they also feel themselves dying as it dies.

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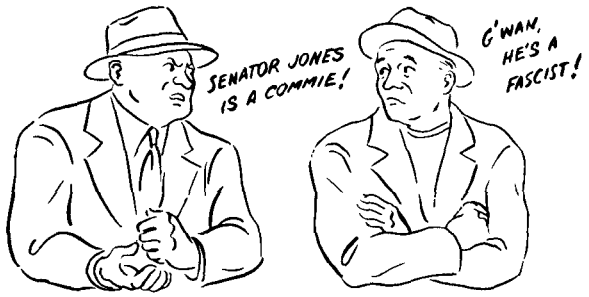

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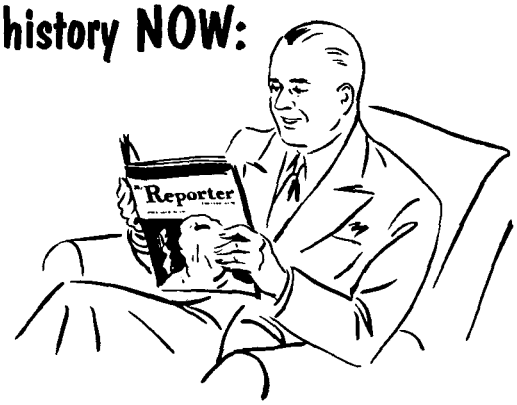

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CROSS OUT only those you DO NOT want to audition.

1. **ITALIAN MASTERS of XVIII Century**
2. **MOZART:** Clarinet Quintet, Flute Quartets
3. **SCHUBERT:** Trout Quintet, Two Quartets
4. **BEETHOVEN:** String Quintets
5. **SCHUBERT:** Duo Concertante; Cello Sonata
6. **THE SONS OF BACH:**
7. **TCHAIKOVSKY:** Quartet No. 3
8. **MOZART:** Complete String Quintets
9. **BRAHMS:** Violin Sonata; Cello Sonata
10. **DEBUSSY:** Quartet in G; Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp; Sonata for Violin and Piano
11. **HANDEL:** Complete Water Music
12. **BEETHOVEN:** Complete Rasumovsky Quartets
13. **A. SCARLATTI:** Sinfonias; Concerti Grossi
14. **MOZART:** Three Salzburg Serenades
15. **HINDEMITH:** Sonatas for: Trumpet and Piano; Viola and Piano; Clarinet and Piano; Bassoon and Piano
16. **DVORAK:** Piano Quartet; Trio in F
17. **SCHUBERT:** Quartet in D; Variations for Flute and Piano
18. **VIVALDI:** Il Cimento Dell'Armonia E Dell' Invenzione
19. **BRAHMS:** Clarinet Quintet
20. **HAYDN:** The Seven Last Words of Christ
21. **STRAVINSKY:** Duo Concertante; Pulcinella Suite
22. **PURCELL:** Fantasias in Four Parts
23. **MOZART:** Complete Piano Trios
24. **SCHUMANN:** Piano Quintet in E; Quartet in A
25. **BACH:** Four Sonatas for Violin, Cello and Harpsichord
26. **BARTOK:** Quartet No. 4; Violin Sonata No. 2
27. **CORELLI:** Concerti Grossi

(Selections are not listed by order of release)

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